HARPER'S WEEKLY

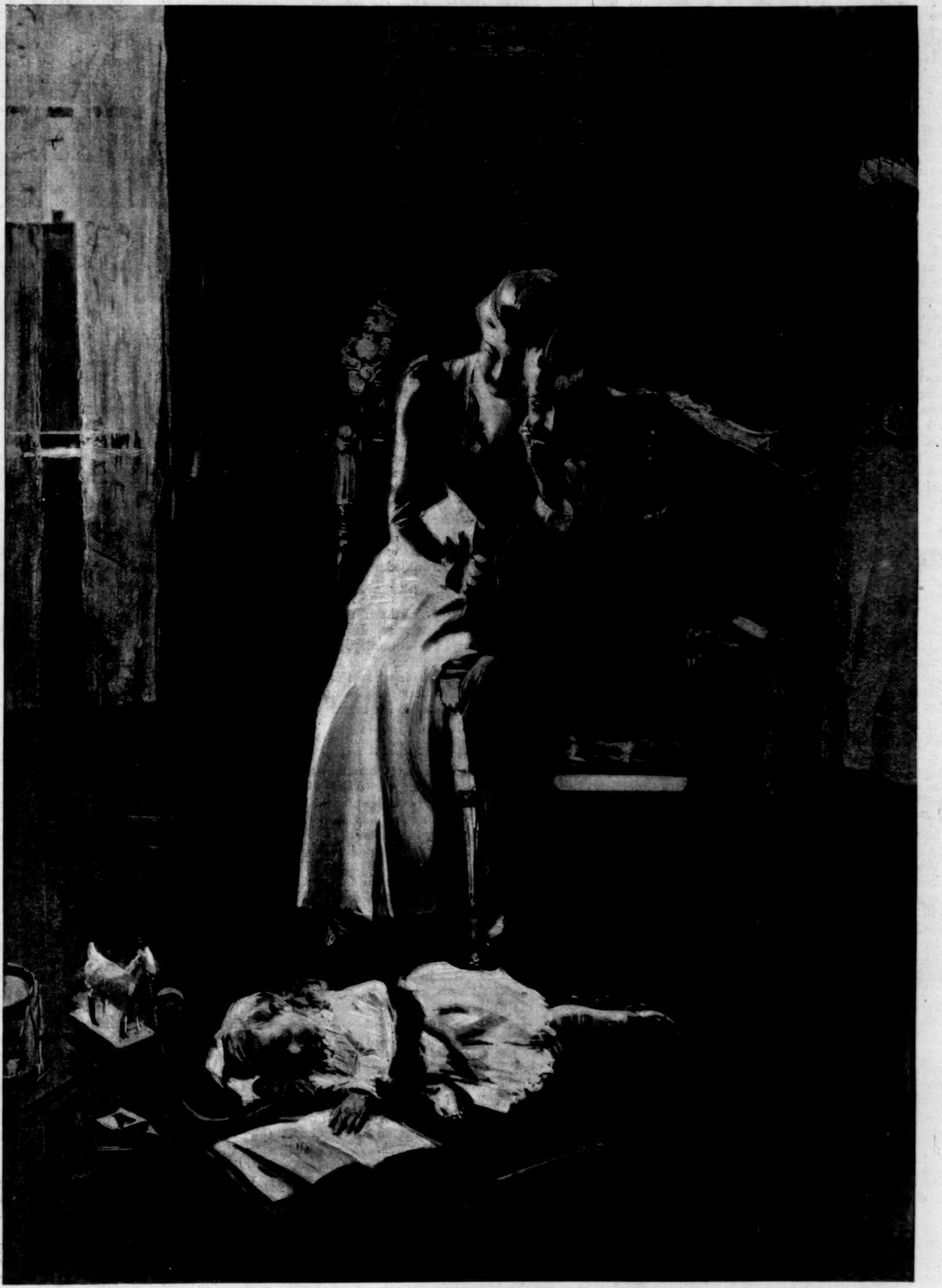
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXV.—No. 1824.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.



AFTER CHRISTMAS.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER AND A FOUR-PAGE ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

THE preliminary contest over the Speakership shows how strong is the absorbing tendency of national politics. Incidentally it illustrates the want of prescience at the time of the formation of the Constitution, when precisely the reverse tendency was anticipated. The State election of this autumn in New York was carried under the cry that the result would determine practically the Presidential election of next year. Ballot reform and every other reform and all local legislation were not to be thought of in view of the national result in 1892. We have pointed out that as this argument is always applicable to a State election, it would always subordinate State questions and important local reforms to national politics. In the contest for the Speakership this argument subordinates all considerations except that of the Presidential election next year. The contest has been waged upon this ground. Mr. **MILLS** has been urged as the **CLEVELAND** candidate, and the anti-**CLEVELAND** sentiment is understood to have favored Mr. **CRISP**. These gentlemen and their advocates have been very active in canvassing the members of the new House. The State Democratic delegations also have assembled to discuss the question, and still the main consideration has been the election of next year.

The Speakership of the House is the second office of importance in the government. Under the rules of the House, legislation is determined by the committees, and the Speaker appoints the committees. The power of his office, therefore, is very great. He may determine easily the character of legislation upon subjects of vital importance. Supported by a party majority, like Mr. **REED** in the last Congress, he may exercise arbitrary powers. Mr. **REED**'s theory was apparently that the country loves pluck, and that a display of mastery in the Speaker's chair would be exceedingly impressive and popular. The country does love pluck, but it loves fair play better, and the despotism of the Speaker and of the majority in the last Congress affected the country as the old slave-holding Congressional despotism affected it forty years ago. At that time it strengthened the conviction and the party which excluded the despotic majority from power for more than a quarter of a century. It is by no means the **MCKINLEY** tariff only which has given the Democratic party a dangerously large majority in the new House. It was the gross abuse of the power of the majority in the last House.

The Speakership requires profound knowledge of the rules, a disposition to interpret them fairly, inflexible integrity, large public experience, quickness, courtesy, courage, good humor, and, above all, a tranquil and judicial temperament. The Speaker, indeed, belongs to a party as a judge belongs to a party. But when he seats himself in the chair of the House, like a judge seating himself upon the bench, if he is worthy of the place, he leaves party behind. In the House he knows only its members, and beyond the House he regards only the country. This was well illustrated in the most critical moment in the history of the House, when, in 1877, the Democratic Speaker, **RANDALL**, by acting as a mere partisan, could have easily produced a catastrophe. In that emergency both Mr. **TILDEN** and Mr. **RANDALL** were patriots, not partisans. The character and qualification of the Speaker for his great trust, not his preference for a Presidential candidate, are the essential considerations. The election, probably, will not be determined by them, but the tendency to subordinate every question of importance to that of a Presidential candidacy, however excellent or desirable it may be, is an excess of party spirit which ought to be vigorously discountenanced, not encouraged.

"STEALING" A LEGISLATURE.

SINCE the election in New York there has been a charge on each side that the other was trying to "steal" the Legislature. The only public advantage ever likely to result from a politically discordant Legislature and Executive is that party excess will be restrained. But in the case of the late Legislature and Governor the discord resulted in a mere game for party advantage. Under ordinary circumstances it is better that the whole administration should be controlled by one party, for there is then a definite responsibility. Had the Legislature recently elected in this State been Democratic by an unquestionable majority, the Democratic party could be held to account for what should be done or left undone during the session. But such a majority is to be made by the voters, not by election boards, and as the voters did not do it in the case of the Senate, certain election boards seem to have undertaken to do it. The election laws of the State are admirable, but under all such laws there will be opportunities for cheating, and evidently they have been largely improved.

The main object of the canvass of the votes is to ascertain the real will of the people. If, for instance, John Smith is a candidate and no other Smith, a ballot for John Smyth must be held fairly to be a vote for the candidate. Or if the candidate's name is **DAVID A. MUNRO**, and a ballot appears for **D. A. MONROE**, there is no honest doubt for whom it is meant. To throw out such a ballot is to defeat the purpose of the law, and so far to deprive the people of their fundamental right. This reformation is precisely what was attempted in one of the districts of the State. The inspectors certified that certain votes had been cast for **D. A. MONROE** and **DAVID A. MONROE**, when the candidate was **DAVID A. MUNRO**, Jun. The obvious and honest course was to return the returns for correction of a clerical error. But the Board of Canvassers decided that such votes should not be counted for the candidate for whom they were obviously intended, and that consequently the opposing candidate was elected. This is a course which hurts only those who take it. It is annulling an honest election and defeating the will of the majority. It was the act of a Board of Canvassers in Syracuse, in which the Democrats had a majority. The vote was 17 Democrats to 16 Republicans.

Similar transactions are reported in other parts of the State. The *Times*, which ardently supported the Democratic ticket during the campaign, publishes a letter which says that the Republicans succeeded in electing seventeen Senators out of thirty-two, and that "the instant the fact was established that the Republicans would control the Senate, Governor **HILL**, with all the cunning of an unscrupulous politician, began to contrive and manœuvre to overturn the result, and to capture the Senate and turn it over to his successor in office." It also says that "many citizens of this State are convinced that Governor **HILL** is determined to steal the Senate." Governor **HILL** is unquestionably the chief leader of his party in New York. In concert with Tammany Hall he controls "the machine," and that is one of the difficulties of the Democratic party. With such a dual-headed party machine in the most important State, and with such performances as those of the canvassing boards in certain districts of the State, intelligent Democrats may well feel troubled. Since Tammany's famous message to know how many votes were wanted, and the earlier Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, and the reports of Southern returning boards in 1876, tampering with the results of elections has not been unknown in this country, nor is it confined to one party. But in a time of peculiar independence of party such proceedings as those recently reported in this State are certainly of no benefit to the party which is responsible for them.

AN ANTI-REFORM LEAGUE.

THE report is not surprising that the opponents of civil service reform have at last begun to organize. The steady progress of reform, of which the latest illustration is the rescue of the navy-yards from the spoilsmen by Secretary **TRACY**, forecasts the overthrow of the system which practically excludes the great body of the people from the civil service by making entrance to it dependent upon the favor of a few party bosses. It is not merit but influence which secures appointment under the spoils system. To arrest this reform an "Anti-civil Service League" is announced as organized in Washington, although why the civil service itself should be abolished because of opposition to reform in the civil service is not stated. Lodges, it seems, are to be organized throughout the States, and charters are to issue from the central society. This enterprise to abolish proved merit as a qualification for the public service, and to substitute the favor of a boss, is at least frank. Even if the report be exaggerated such a movement is probable, and it would be welcome as an unquestionable proof of the actual effect of reform. It would demonstrate plainly that civil service reform is not a humbug. Those who are not hurt do not cry out, and the new league to protect the spoils system is the evidence that it is in peril.

The methods of the league are to be practical. It will demand that the nominating conventions shall ignore the law in their platforms, and rolls of voters will be presented for the contemplation of the convention who are pledged not to support any party or "element" "endorsing the law" or aiding appropriations for its maintenance. This is fair notice, and if the war should come up to the manifesto, as Mr. **WEBSTER** used to say, it will give the nominating conventions pause. Mr. C. **SOLON STEVENSON**, the secretary of the New York Association of the District of Columbia, is called "virtually the father of this movement." But we should suspect it might be Rip Van Winkle, for we observe that the chief reason for the organization of the repeal league is the fine old blunder that the benefits of the law are "derived almost wholly by a class of young schoolboy graduates of no practical or general knowledge of government business." The fact is that the average age of those who pass the examinations is twenty-seven years, and the testimony of the highest officers in the service, from the Secretaries of the Treasury and collectors and postmasters to the heads of bureaus and offices, attests both the character and the superior practical efficiency of the employés whose fitness has been tested by examination and actual probation.

The only safe course for the repeal league is to abstain from offering reasons, and to confine itself to appeals to ignorant prejudice. In the lists of intelligence and common-sense its cause has been already overthrown. Even the renowned cry that reform is an English aristocratic scheme has been hushed by the knowledge that the English reform has destroyed the control of patronage by a few great families, and opened to the poorest youth without rank or influence an equal opportunity with the sons of the nobility and gentry to enter the public service. The fact is worth the attention of the repeal league that the sure progress of the reform in this country is due to the fact that it is in the true sense a popular and Democratic reform, because it introduces fair play into the civil service, and gives the man who is qualified, but without a "pull" of any kind, an equal chance with the "heeler" and his "boss."

NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

THE committee of the Board of Education in the city of New York which was appointed to examine the school systems of other cities for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements are desirable in the city school system has made an interesting report. The conviction is universal that the schools of New York are not what they should be, and the feeling is equally general that it will be very difficult to improve them. It is, then, faith in the value of the public schools which inspires the recommendations of the committee, and they do perhaps even more than justice to the extremely liberal disposition of the tax-payers, who, as they say, demand the best school-houses in the world, with the best teachers and equipment, at any cost. The reason, therefore, for the failure of the schools to reach the highest standard—which the committee acknowledges to be the fact—is not a niggardly community. The explanation is given by a teacher, "We are what the officers of the New York school system made us."

It is a saying which expresses a truth proved by experience, that the teacher is the school. A fundamental consideration, therefore, in any scheme of improvement must be the method of appointing the teachers. Of these there are more than four thousand, who, according to the report, "are in the main a body of faithful, well-educated, and conscientious men and women." But there are also "too many in this great corps who are incompetent and unfitted for their work." This result the report attributes to the method rather than to the officers. It is a courteous suggestion; but the method would be undoubtedly changed if the officers were desirous of changing it. The system of appointment is, as the committee say, "radically wrong." "Given a license to teach and influential friends"—in other words, a political "pull"—"and the possessor is likely to secure a position for life in our public-school system under our present methods." This is a notorious evil of the system, and the first abuse to be corrected. The committee wisely recommends that no candidate should be admitted to the service at all without a certificate of sound physical health from physicians designated by the board, and by a competitive examination to which all licensees shall be eligible; nor permanently appointed until after a probation of three years in a city school, and then only upon a certificate from the Superintendent of satisfactory examination. This would throw the final responsibility upon the Superintendent, and introduce common-sense into the system of appointment. But it also recognizes the fact that the Superintendent is the chief and most important of the officers who make the teachers what they are. This, of course, is the truth. As there is no more important officer in the State than the Superintendent of Public Instruction, there is none of more vital importance in the city than the Superintendent of Schools.

Under such a Superintendent the system of appointment recommended by the committee would be very effective. No formal examination, indeed, can show certainly the necessary qualities of a good teacher. They can be determined only by trial, and it is for that purpose that probation is provided. But an examination will determine the probability of such qualities in an applicant infinitely better than the fancy or favor of a party boss or a politician with a "pull." The method suggested by the committee is the holding by the Superintendent of those examinations during the year of all persons holding licenses to teach, and all applicants who reach a minimum of 85 upon a scale of 100 shall be registered as "the preferred teachers' list," all of whom shall be eligible to appointment as probationary teachers. This, however, would leave a wide range for the pressure of "inflooence" in selection, and we see no good reason why the choice should not be made from the three or four at the head of the list, as in similar competitions in other branches of the public service. Removal upon the report of the Superintendent and the trustees should be made, in the opinion of the committee, by a vote of the majority of the board, and not of two-thirds of the members as now, which naturally prevents proper removals; and at the age of sixty-five every teacher should be examined to test his efficiency, and at seventy should retire from the service. It will be seen that the report makes some important recommendations, which must be substantially adopted if the school system in the city is to become what it should be. But, as in all schemes of the kind, to be what it should be, and to produce the result desired, the chief officer should be most carefully selected.

DOMINANT POWER AND BALLOT REFORM.

It is evident that whether Governor Hill succeeds or fails in "stealing" the Legislature of New York—an attempt of which he is accused by some of the most ardent of his co-workers in the late campaign—the Hill-Tammany power will prevent ballot reform. Nobody, we presume, who remembers Mr. Flower's letter upon the subject on the eve of the election, supposes that any project for actual reform will be recommended by him or would be approved by him. His election may or may not have promoted the chance of tariff reform next year, but it has certainly defeated ballot reform this year. Mr. Croker, the Tammany boss, whose success in State politics seemed to many excellent citizens to be the condition of tariff reform, has frankly expressed himself not only in favor of the paster, but against the printing of ballots at the public expense. That is to say, he is strongly opposed to ballot reform.

However the campaign of Governor Hill against the results of the election may issue, the two Houses of the Legislature will be either Democratic or politically divided. If the Republicans should hold one of them, and unite upon a proper ballot reform bill, the Democrats in the other House would not accept it. But even should an effectively amended reform bill reach the Executive Chamber, it is not to be doubted that the Governor's action would be determined by influences hostile to reform. Thus the most important of recent political reforms, and a most effective measure for honest elections, which had begun well in the State, and to which one of the contesting parties was absolutely pledged, has been baffled and suspended by the result of the election. Mr. Hewitt's wise remark cannot be too often repeated nor too carefully considered—"If we are to give our votes in view of future contingencies, without regard to present conditions, we shall never be able to secure good government."

The friends of ballot reform in the Legislature should offer the most carefully matured bill, and stand to it. That is the way reforms are carried. The reform bill in England was pressed in Parliament until it became law; and when the slavery restrictionists had but a handful in Congress, they demanded the restriction of slavery. The ballot reformers in this State are a host. One of the great parties has declared for the measure, not in general terms, but in specific details. Every independent citizen will support heartily the effort to present to the State a thorough bill. It may not be passed at this session, but experience with Governor Hill shows the futility of attempting a compromise.

A CONTEST OF CITIES.

The contest of cities for the National Conventions is the latest "wrinkle" in politics. Deputations of citizens, politicians, hotel-keepers, and orators attend the meeting of the National Committee, and distinguished public men deliver speeches to set forth the superior claims of this or that town upon grounds of party interest and individual comfort. There would seem to be no question that if the most ample comfortable accommodation, the greatest variety of entertainment, and the finest hall for the purpose were conclusive considerations, New York would be selected by acclamation.

But the argument of party interest seemed to prevail in determining the Republican choice. The speech of Senator Washburne was in effect a cry that the Republican Northwest is in danger, and that the Convention by coming to Minneapolis would greatly help to encourage and stimulate the party. Mr. Fassett, also, rested his argument for New York upon the interest of the party. But it is not easy to see how the party gains by the place of meeting, although a candidate may gain by it because of the cheers of the galleries.

The occasion served as a review of eminent party leaders. Mr. McKinley, Mr. Fassett, ex-Governor Foraker, Mr. Clarkson, Senators Hawley, Washburne, and Hiscock, and ex-Senator Edmunds were there, and all of them spoke. It is not stated whether Mr. Edmunds had left before Mr. Fassett called Mr. Blaine "the grandest Republican of us all" amid a tumult of acclamation. An allusion by Mr. Shepard to the President aroused no enthusiasm. Ex-Governor Foraker praised Mr. Sherman, and Mr. Clarkson, the chairman, called a colored substitute to the chair when he left it for a short time. There was a histrionic air in the whole performance. The result was that the Republican Convention was called to meet at Minneapolis on the 7th of June.

SOUTH AMERICAN POLITICS.

The recent news from Brazil and reports of the situation in Chili at the close of the armed struggle are very suggestive. We say news, but there is such uncertainty in regard to every report that nothing can be trusted. Fonseca undoubtedly overthrew the Brazilian government, and the province of Rio Grande undoubtedly revolted against him, and he has been compelled to resign his Dictatorship, but beyond this little is certain. There were rumors of a new republic or a distinct organization of some kind in the north. All the probabilities point to grave disturbance, if not anarchy. But every day up to Fonseca's fall the Brazilian minister in Washington announced the most pacific accounts, describing entire tranquillity and acquiescence, except in the remote southern province of Rio Grande, which Fonseca was about either to conciliate or crush.

There are stories from Valparaiso also of frightful excesses there of the soldiers of the Junta at the end of the contest. They are rumors, or only excited and bitter partisan narratives. But what they describe is not improbable. It is, indeed, the old South American story. For nearly seventy years it has been told in various forms. Firm, equable, peaceful republican government and tranquillity are not the burden of the tale. A republic cannot be improvised. In Brazil an army and a highly centralized government made revolution by the army practicable. But an army overthrowing an empire with the cry of republic does not establish popular government. How many soldiers or officers in the army that seized in Rio de Janeiro the machine of administration and banished the Emperor, or among the naval officers who have forced Fonseca to abdicate, knew or know now what constitutes a republic?

It is not for us who do know, and who are chiefly sprung of the race that has organized the political fabric of constitutional liberty, to be caught by every cry of republic, or by a military republican form. Our precedents and traditions of recognition are those of wisdom and prudence, and the government justly moves with caution. When a revolution is plainly made by an army, and a republic proclaimed by it without an equally plain, intelligent, popular initiative, we may well reflect that what an army swiftly does, it may as swiftly undo, and that republics are not founded upon armies, but upon an intelligent people. The present situation in the two most advanced states of South America is full of instruction as well as of interest. It need not chill our sympathy with people striving for political progress, but it should not blind us to the truth that demagogues and despots may masquerade as popular leaders.

OUT OF DATE.

At the recent meeting of the Republican Committee in Washington to decide where the nominating Convention should be held, ex-Senator Edmunds was present and said a few words to the committee. After inculcating harmony and alluding to the contesting cities, he concluded:

> "No matter which it is, no matter who your next candidate will be, we may say, as my dear old friend Senator Anthony of Rhode Island once said to me, that the poorest Republican in the United States was better for the prosperity and happiness of this republic than the best Democrat who ever lived." (Laughter and applause.)

Matthew Quay, and Governor Russell of Massachusetts, for instance. Isn't the time a little passed for this kind of remark?

THE CHRISTMAS "HARPER."

The Christmas Harper is a magazine which appeals to as great a variety of tastes as Santa Claus himself. The names of old favorites, as the play-bills call them, salute the reader cheerily from the title-page, bright harbingers of the holiday literary feast beyond, and artists and authors have combined to make a number which worthily maintains the tradition of the Christmas Harper. Distinctions of excellence among the contributions to the banquet would be unbecoming from us. But we may properly remark that grace is said by an interesting and valuable paper upon the Annunciation, by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke, profusely illustrated by several hands from the most noted old pictures, while Messrs. Du Maurier, Howard Pyle, Abbey, Reinhart, Frederic Remington, Smedley, Gibson, Alfred Parsons, Weguelin, and Ricketts illustrate poems and papers by Lowell, Aldrich, Mrs. Spofford, Andrew Lang, Mark Twain, Richard Harding Davis, Mrs. Fields, Walter Besant, Gilchrist, Ralph, M. E. M. Davis, Millet, McLennan, Howells, Warner, and Laurence Hutton. It is a remarkable number, and illustrates the constantly renewing value of the Christmas gift which consists of a subscription to the Magazine.

THE WATER FAMINE.

The alarm of New York and the peril of Brooklyn caused by the fear and the fact of water famine should prevent the recurrence of such a situation. Nothing but an earthquake should be able to deprive a city of its water supply, because such a catastrophe can be prevented, and because its consequences would be so ghastly. The fault of the situation in New York lay with the water authorities. As long ago as August those who are familiar with the subject apprehended trouble unless there were frequent and copious rains. It was soon evident that there were not to be such rains, but, on the contrary, that there was a drought.

That was the time to take decisive steps by official warning and action to prevent a waste of water, and, if necessary, to restrict its use. Had the drought continued longer, and had the supply of water been practically exhausted in New York, or had it been impossible to repair the interruption of the supply in Brooklyn for two or three weeks, it is not pleasant to reflect upon the consequences. A citizen of Brooklyn said that the situation in that city on its black Monday showed how readily a hostile army could bring a city to terms. But the arrest of the supply would be worse than a hostile army.

The situation during the last few weeks should assure placing the city, at any cost, beyond the fear of so great a calamity as an actual water famine. Private inquiries, which were instituted because politics were suspected in the alarming reports, showed that the situation was even worse than reported. It is already proved that New York cannot keep itself in such order as many other great cities are kept, but with ample resources and engineering ability and common-sense, it certainly ought to be able to keep itself supplied with water.

PERSONAL.

The vicissitudes of public life in the United States are illustrated to a remarkable degree in the career of Edmund G. Ross, once Senator from Kansas, and now an editor in a small way in Deming, New Mexico. Ross succeeded the famous "Jim" Lane in the Senate, and gave promise of prominence, until his vote against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson dealt a death-blow to his political prospects. At once, after leaving Washington in 1871, Ross, like his colleague, the late Senator Pomeroy, began to fade from public view, and he is now rarely heard of outside of his immediate neighborhood, though Mr. Cleveland made him Governor of the Territory. The journal which he edits for others is issued weekly from a little room in Deming, and in addition to furnishing the reading matter for it, he sets the type and does all the mechanical work of printing it.

—They are telling a story about Prince George of Wales, the sailor, who is said to be a very intelligent, pleasant boy, though somewhat bumptious. Being recently in the company of a famous journalist, who was talking about his old school, the Prince said, cheekily, "Was that where you were sent to learn to write for the *Times?*" "No," said the journalist, quietly; "I was sent there to learn manners." And the young gentleman smiled, and nodded his appreciation of the reply.

—Caspar W. Whitney, of this paper, was burnt in effigy last week by the students at Cornell, who did not like some criticisms he made of their football team. This is fame.

—The young officers of the Lifeguards at Berlin do not like the German Emperor's craze for playing at being an admiral, as shown in his going up and down the Spree on a torpedo-boat, and have nicknamed him "Gondola Willie."

—A pupil of Madame Marchesi, writing to a St. Paul newspaper, says that the famous Parisian teacher of vocal music, who has trained many voices for the operatic stage, is a woman of medium height, with gray hair, a thin drawn face, sharp prominent nose, and tightly compressed lips. Her eyes are small and restless. She has the appearance of a shrewd business woman. American girls who go to her for instruction, flushed with the compliments of indulgent friends, frequently find their experience unpleasant, for she is frank even to the point of rudeness, and when she has tried a voice and found it unpromising she says so bluntly.

—In addition to General J. A. Haldeman, who is credited with being the only American citizen to be honored with the decoration of the Order of the White Elephant of Siam, Colonel Thomas W. Knox, whose *Boy Travellers* have made him widely known to fame, has also received its rare mark of the Asiatic potentate's favor. Colonel Knox has also been decorated with the Order of Nishau el Iftakar by the Bey of Tunis, and with the Royal Order of Cambodia by the king of that country. These honors were given in recognition of the accuracy, so the brevets state, of Colonel Knox's accounts of the different kingdoms through which his boy travellers journeyed. The Order of the White Elephant has also been conferred upon Frank Vincent, the author of *The Land of the White Elephant.*

—William Black, the novelist, completed a half-century of existence last week, and in recognition of this event James R. Osgood gave him a dinner at the Reform Club, at which many other men distinguished in the literary world were present, including John R. Robinson, editor of the *News*, wherein Black began his journalistic career; John Pettie, R. A.; Colin Hunter, A. R. A.; George H. Boughton, A. R. A.; Bret Harte, George du Maurier, Frank D. Millet, Edwin A. Abbey, Frank White, Clarence W. McIlvaine, and J. Pierpont Morgan.

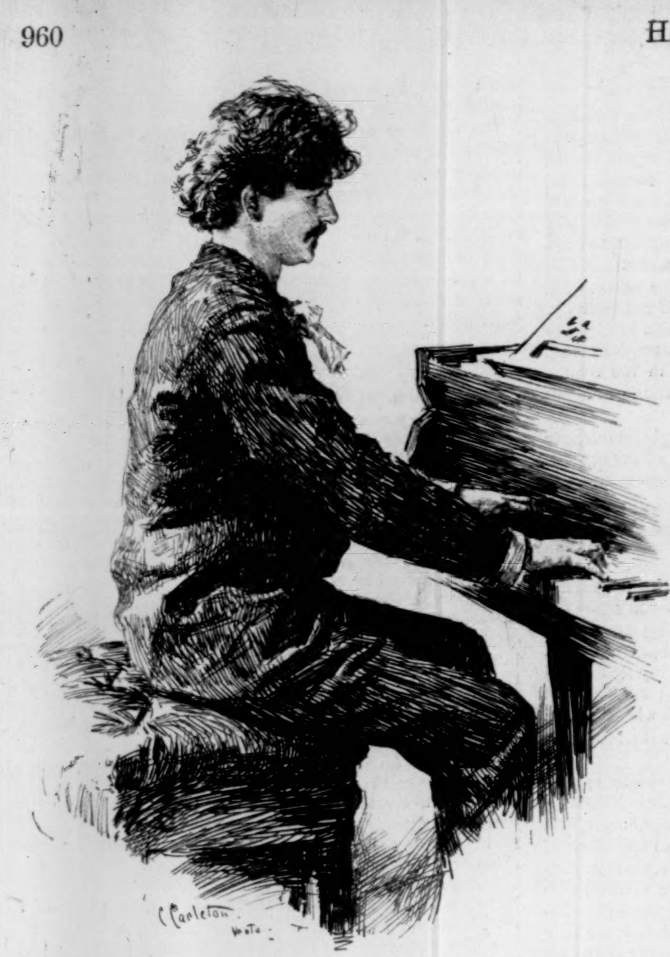
—Chancellor Von Caprivi has refuted General Lord Wolseley's attack on Count von Moltke's history of *The Franco-German War of* 1870–'71 by a letter to one of the translators of the work, in which he expresses his admiration for it. The German Emperor has purchased copies of the book for his private library.

—Charles R. Deacon, who is pleasantly known in Philadelphia as the press representative of the Reading Railroad, and as the secretary of the Clover Club, has perhaps the largest collection of autographs of living celebrities in this country. These come to him through his Clover Club duties, and include the names of almost every individual who has been prominent within the last five or six years, and who has either accepted or has had to decline the Clover Club's invitation.

—Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler is devoting her time at present to the construction of a studio at her country home in Virginia. It is her intention to divide her time equally between art and literary work, devoting six months of the year to her brush and six to her pen. She aspires especially to excel in portrait-painting.

—The Rev. Dr. Storrs, who has recently celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of his installation as a pastor in Brooklyn, is a man of seventy years, of dignified and even stately carriage. He is considerably above medium stature, of large frame and strong features. He is an untiring student, and his carefully prepared sermons have won him the reputation of being, as one admirer phrases it, the most brilliant pulpit rhetorician of modern times.

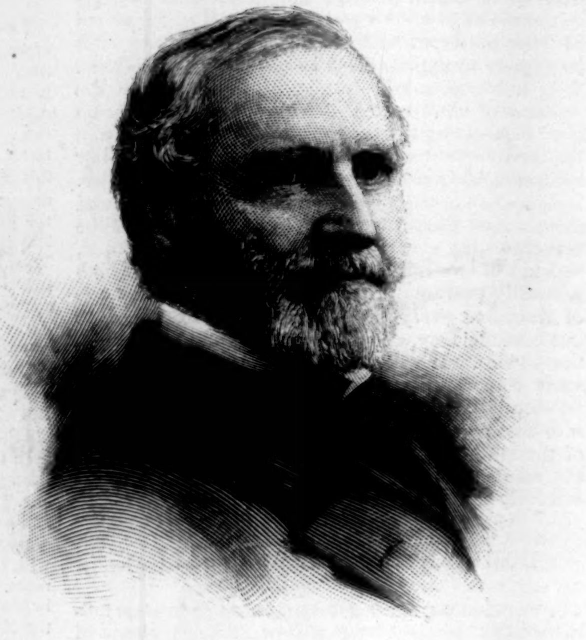
—In the East Miss Harriet Monroe, the poet-laureate of the World's Fair, is known chiefly from her magazine verse, which has been good enough to win the praise of the critics. She is also the author of *Valeria*, a rather extensive dramatic tragedy of five acts and a prologue, with the scene laid in Italy in the fourteenth century. She is a lawyer's daughter, a young woman of very prepossessing appearance, and a hard student of poetry and *belles-lettres.*



M. IGNACE-JAN PADEREWSKI.—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOT & FRY, LONDON. [SEE PAGE 976.]

THE RECENT TORNADO.

A SEVERE wind and rain storm swept the coast from New York to North Carolina on Monday, November 23d, and passing through Baltimore and Washington, did much damage in the interior of Pennsylvania and Virginia. The height of the storm was reached at Baltimore and Washington, the latter city suffering especially. It was shortly after noon that the approach of the storm was made apparent in this section by the growing darkness. In an incredibly short time the light had faded into a yellow dusk, suggestive of a midsummer evening thunder-storm, and with the passing of the light the storm of wind and water burst. The rain was exceedingly heavy, and driven before the fierce wind with awful force. It lasted but a short time, but during its passage artificial light had to be resorted to, and the streets were cleared. When the storm had passed, the sky was quickly cleared and the sun shone brightly. During the transit of the tornado, however, much injury was inflicted upon signs, chimneys, show-cases, unfinished buildings, and roofs. A large building, called the Metzerott Music Hall, situated on Twelfth Street, N.W., near F Street, Washington, was in course of construction. The walls of this building were toppled over by the wind, and crashed into the rear of several stores on F Street. These structures were demolished, and three persons buried beneath the ruins. The firemen arrived promptly, and before long had rescued a girl, who reported that another girl and the "boss" were still buried. The latter, who was George White, was taken out dead, but the girl was found to be merely bruised. This man was the only one found to be killed, although several persons were injured in other parts of the city. The tornado had no respect for the government buildings, playing serious pranks at the Pension Office, and ripping a stone balustrade from the White House, cutting off the telephone and telegraph wires. At Baltimore a man was blown from a house-top into the river, whence he was picked up by a passing tug. Narrow escapes from death were reported from all sections, to which were added accounts of damage to property and stock.



CHARLES L. TIFFANY.

CHARLES L. TIFFANY.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago, away back in the thirties, a young man of five-and-twenty years started out from a little village in the Nutmeg State to seek a future in the metropolis; he had the good-will of his parents, and with a little material backing from his father, together with a large fund of ambition and business qualities, he started a little fancy-goods and stationery shop on Broadway near Warren Street. He took in with him as partner the son of a neighbor from home; a few years later another partner was added to the firm; and then the four years of hard toil, with a very promising future opening before him, kindled fonder thoughts in his bosom—those that are associated with all that is beautiful in life—the companionship of another partner; this time not for business, but one to share his joys and sorrows. The fiftieth anniversary of this happy union was celebrated on Monday evening, November 30th. It was the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany. Surrounded by their family and a few immediate friends, the event was celebrated in their home on Madison Avenue in the same quiet unostentatious manner that has marked the entire career of this remarkably successful man. He has grown up with the city, and from a mere nothing built up a business whose fame extends all over the world. Starting in 1837 with a little store at 259 Broadway, stocked with a few imported novelties, fancy goods, and stationery, he is to-day the active head of the greatest jewelry and high-art establishment in existence, to which the world looks for its standard in everything produced from their workshops, from the plain gold ring with which fond hearts "plight their troth," to a chain of the costliest gems, or a service of silver or gold worthy of the greatest artists of our time.

The founder of this firm is still its president and active head, though nearly fourscore years, his hair and beard whitened by age, but his ruddy features aglow with vigor and health. He has for over half a century weathered sunshine and storm, and even all through the famous blizzard of '88 he did not miss a single regular attendance at his business. Every morning at half past nine he enters the big glass doors of his establishment, where he opens and reads his own mail and newspapers regularly, without the aid of any eye-glasses, and finds enough executive duties to keep him there among the last at six o'clock in the evening.

The blizzard recalls an interesting incident. Mr. Tiffany had the novel experience of seeing the sales of his several hundred employés drop lower than on the day when he first started in business, and the two young partners were the only stockholders and clerks in the place; when, at the conclusion of their first day's business, on the evening of September 21, 1837, they counted up their cash, they found it amounted to four dollars and ninety-eight cents; but the blizzard of March 12, 1888, brought a single customer, whose purchases amounted to just eighty cents.

Of the 1500 employés connected with the establishment, there are clustered about him in every department men who have grown up with the house since the day they left school. Mr. Charles T. Cook, the vice-president, himself started there as a boy forty-three years ago, and to-day ranks next to Mr. Tiffany in the management of those vast interests. How warm the feeling of affection and devotion is of this army of employés to their venerable chief, whose prosperity they have shared, was expressed in several testimonials of esteem and affection lavished upon the happy pair. That from employés of the Union Square house took the nature of a massive medal of pure gold cast for the occasion, and over three inches in diameter. Circling the profiles of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany on the front are the words:

Fifty Years of Married Life Spent Happily Together, 1891.

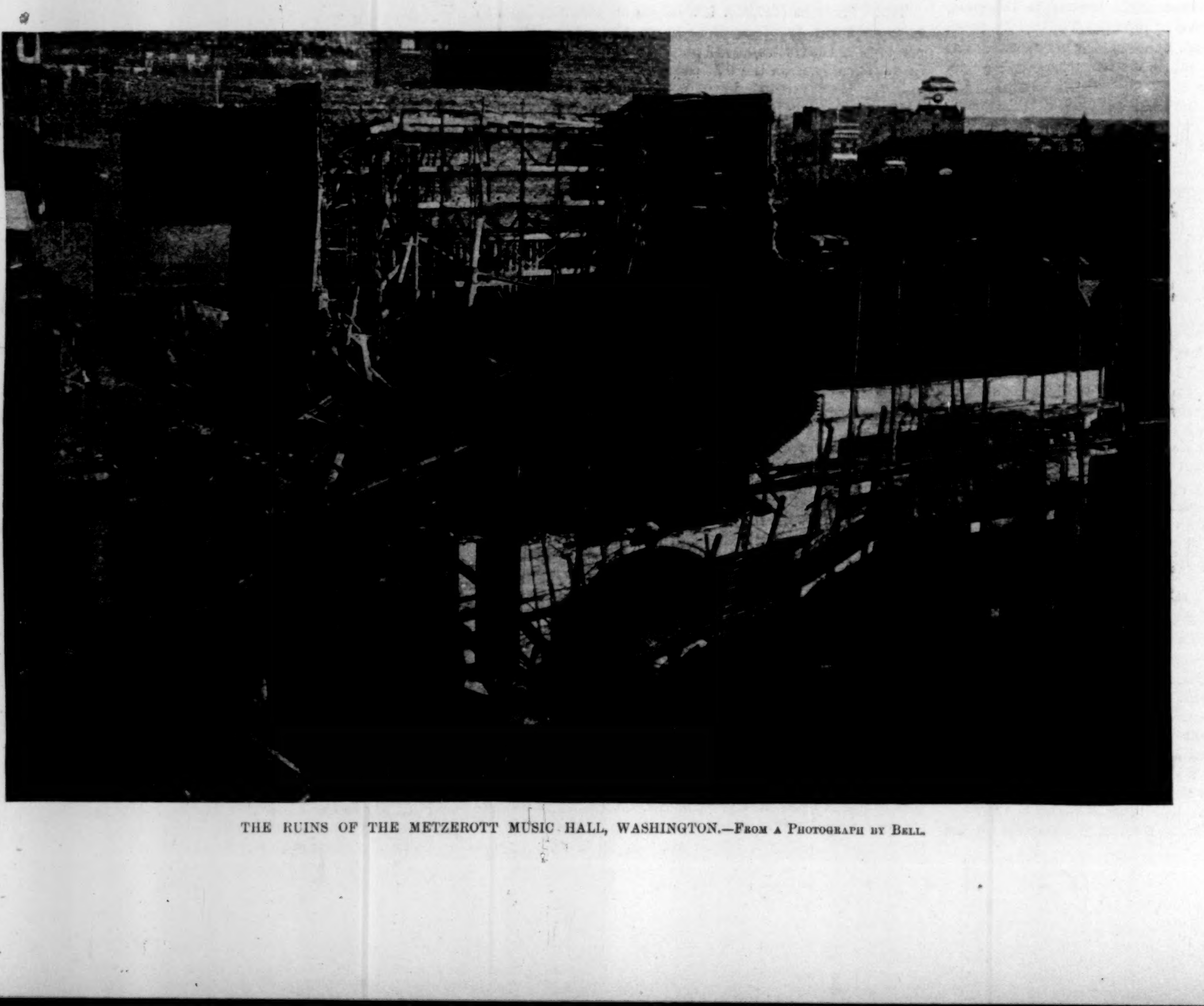
On the other side, enclosed in a wreath of ivy and linden leaves, the raised inscription reads:

Presented to Charles L. Tiffany, in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Wedding Day, by Employés of the House of Tiffany & Co., with their Congratulations. Nov. 30th, 1891.

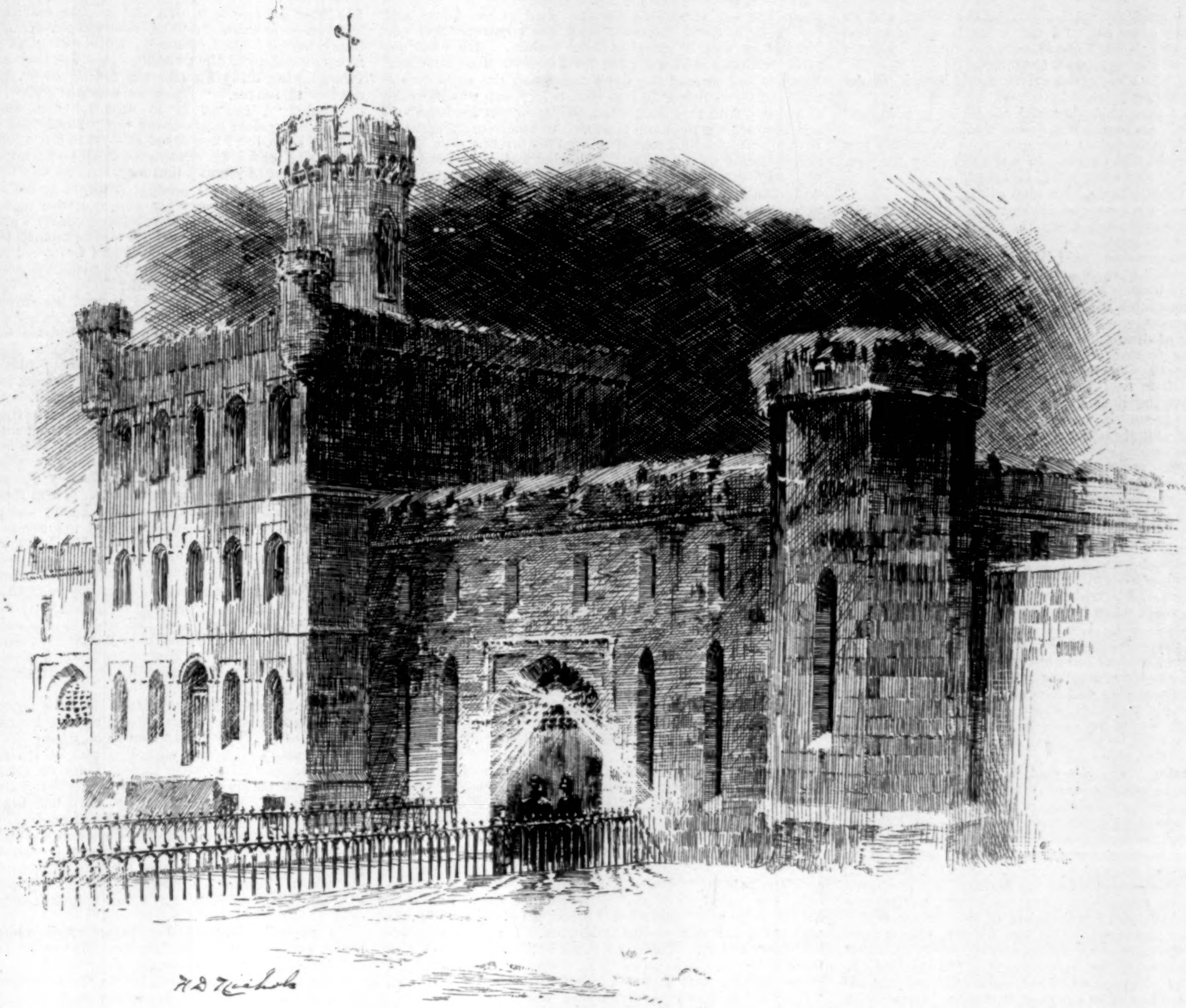
From the executive staff of the Prince Street Silver-Works came an illuminated address in a vellum book with a beautifully chased gold cover; the address was signed by the heads of the several departments. In addition to this, the general employés of the Silver-Works, some 400 in number, sent a loving cup nine inches high, of pure gold, and weighing about fifty-five ounces. In form and decoration it bore out in mute symbols the story of the fruits and the blessings of Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany's happy life, and bespoke the fond thoughts, hopes, and well wishes of the donors.

Mr. Tiffany has always been a liberal patron of art, and in his quiet and unostentatious way devoted large sums to charity every year. His firm received the highest awards at every international exhibition since 1876. In 1878 Mr. Tiffany was decorated with the Legion of Honor, the highest tribute given by the Paris Exposition. He is a trustee of the American Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a member of most of the leading clubs and societies in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany have four children—Louis C., the well-known artist; another son, in the art department of the Union Square house; and two daughters. On February 15th next he will be an octogenarian, and this event is already being looked forward to with much pleasure.

GEORGE F. HEYDT.



THE RUINS OF THE METZEROTT MUSIC HALL, WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.



“IT STANDS LIKE A GREAT FORTRESS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.”

OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT was about ten o'clock on the night before Christmas, and very cold. Christmas eve is a very much occupied evening everywhere, in a newspaper office especially so, and all of the twenty and odd reporters were out that night on assignments, and Conway and Bronson were the only two remaining in the local room. They were the very best of friends, in the office and out of it, but as the city editor had given Conway the Christmas-eve story to write instead of to Bronson, the latter was jealous, and their relations were strained. I use the word “story” in the newspaper sense, where everything written for the paper is a story, whether it is an obituary, or a reading notice, or a dramatic criticism, or a descriptive account of the crowded streets and the lighted shop windows of a Christmas eve. Conway had finished his story quite half an hour before, and should have sent it out to be mutilated by the blue pencil of a copy editor; but as the city editor had twice appeared at the door of the local room, as though looking for some one to send out on another assignment, both Conway and Bronson kept on steadily writing against time, to keep him off until some one else came in. Conway had written his concluding paragraph a dozen times, and Bronson had conscientiously polished and repolished a three-line “personal” he was writing concerning a gentleman unknown to fame, and who would remain unknown to fame until that paragraph appeared in print.

The city editor blocked the door for the third time, and looked at Bronson with a faint smile of sceptical appreciation.

“Is that very important?” he asked.

Bronson said, “Not very,” doubtfully, as though he did not think his opinion should be trusted on such a matter, and eyed the paragraph with critical interest. Conway rushed his pencil over his paper, with the tip of his tongue showing between his teeth, and became suddenly absorbed.

“Well, then, if you are not *very* busy,” said the city editor, “I wish you would go down to Moyamensing. They release that bank-robber Quinn to-night, and it ought to make a good story. He was sentenced for six years, I think, but he has been commuted for good conduct and bad health. There was a preliminary story about it in the paper this morning, and you can get all the facts from that. It's Christmas eve, and all that sort of thing, and you ought to be able to make something of it.”

There are certain stories written for a Philadelphia newspaper that circle into print with the regularity of the seasons. There is the “First Sunday in the Park,” for an example, which comes on the first warm Sunday in the spring, and which is made up of a talk with a park policeman who guesses at the number of people who have passed through the gates that day, and announcements of the repainting of the boat-houses and the near approach of the open-air concerts. You end this story with an allusion to the presence in the park of the “wan-faced children of the tenement,” and the worthy working-men, if it is a one-cent paper which the working-men are likely to read, and tell how they worshipped nature in the open air, instead of saying that in place of going properly to church, they sat around in their shirt sleeves and scattered egg-shells and empty beer bottles and greasy Sunday newspapers over the green grass for which the worthy men who do not work pay taxes. Then there is the “Hottest Sunday in the Park,” which comes up a month later, when you increase the park policeman's former guess by 15,000, and give it a news value by adding a list of the small boys drowned in bathing.

The “First Haul of Shad” in the Delaware is another reliable story, as is also the first ice fit for skating in the park; and then there is always the Thanksgiving story, when you ask the theatrical managers what they have to be thankful for, and have them tell you, “For the best season that this theatre has ever known, sir,” and offer you a pass for two; and there is the New-Year's story, when you interview the local celebrities as to what they most want for the new year, and turn their commonplace replies into something clever. There is also a story on Christmas day, and the one Conway had just written on the street scenes of Christmas eve. After you have written one of these stories two or three times, you find it just as easy to write it in the office as anywhere else. One gentleman of my acquaintance did this most unsuccessfully. He wrote his Christmas-day story with the aid of a directory and the file of a last year's paper. From the year-old file he obtained the names of all the charitable institutions which made a practice of giving their charges presents and Christmas trees, and from the directory he drew the names of their presidents and boards of directors, but as he was unfortunately lacking in religious knowledge and a sense of humor, he included all the Jewish institutions on the list, and they wrote to the paper and rather objected to being represented as decorating Christmas trees, or in any way celebrating that particular day. But of all stale, flat, and unprofitable stories, this releasing of prisoners from Moyamensing was the worst. It seemed to Bronson that they were always releasing prisoners; he wondered how they possibly left themselves enough to make a county prison worth while. And the city editor for some reason always chose him to go down and see them come out. As they were released at midnight, and never did anything of moment when they were released but to immediately cross over to the nearest saloon with all their disreputable friends who had gathered to meet them, it was trying to one whose regard for the truth was at first unshaken, and whose imagination at the last became exhausted. So, when Bronson heard he had to release another prisoner in pathetic descriptive prose, he lost heart and patience, and rebelled.

“Andy,” he said, sadly and impressively, “if I have written that story once, I have written it twenty times. I have described Moyamensing with the moonlight falling on its walls; I have described it with the walls shining in the rain; I have described it covered with the pure white snow that falls on the just as well as on the criminal; and I have made the blood-hounds in the jail-yard howl dismally—and there are no blood-hounds, as you very well know; and I have made released convicts declare their intention to lead a better and a purer life, when they only said, ‘If youse put anything in the paper about me, I'll lay for you’; and I have made them fall on the necks of their weeping wives, when they only asked, ‘Did you bring me some tobacco? I'm sick for a pipe’; and I will not write any more about it; and if I do, I will do it here in the office, and that is all there is to it.”

“Oh yes, I think you will,” said the city editor, easily.

“Let some one else do it,” Bronson pleaded—“some one who hasn't done the thing to death, who will get a new point of view—” Conway, who had stopped writing, and had been grinning at Bronson over the city editor's back, grew suddenly grave and absorbed, and began to write again with feverish industry. “Conway, now, he's great at that sort of thing. He's—”

The city editor laid a clipping from the morning paper on the desk, and took a roll of bills from his pocket.

“There's the preliminary story,” he said. “Conway wrote it, and it moved several good people to stop at the business office on their way down town and leave something for the released convict's Christmas dinner. The story is a very good story, and impressed them,” he went on, counting out the bills as he spoke “to the extent of $55. You take that and give it to him, and tell him to forget the past, and keep to the narrow road, and leave jointed jimmies alone. That money will give you an excuse for talking to him, and he may say something grateful to the paper, and comment on its enterprise. Come, now, get up. I've spoilt you two boys. You've been sulking all the evening because Conway got that story, and now you are sulking because you have got a better one. Think of it—getting out of prison after four years, and on Christmas eve! It's a beautiful story just as it is. But,” he added, grimly, “you'll try to improve on it, and grow maudlin. I believe sometimes you'd turn a red light on the dying gladiator.”

The conscientiously industrious Conway, now that his fear of being sent out again was at rest, laughed at this with conciliatory mirth, and Bronson smiled sheepishly, and peace was restored between them.

But as Bronson capitulated, he tried to make conditions. “Can I take a cab?” he asked.

The city editor looked at his watch. “Yes,” he said; “you'd better; it's late, and we go to press early to-night, remember.”

"And can I send my stuff down by the driver and go home?" Bronson went on. "I can write it up there, and leave the cab at Fifteenth Street, near our house. I don't want to come all the way down town again."

"No," said the chief; "the driver might lose it, or get drunk, or something."

"Then can I take Gallegher with me to bring it back?" asked Bronson. Gallegher was one of the office-boys.

The city editor stared at him grimly. "Wouldn't you like a type-writer, and Conway to write the story for you, and a hot supper sent after you?" he asked.

"No; Gallegher will do," Bronson said.

Gallegher had his overcoat on and a nighthawk at the door when Bronson came down the stairs and stopped to light a cigar in the hallway.

"Go to Moyamensing," said Gallegher to the driver.

Gallegher looked at the man to see if he would show himself sufficiently human to express surprise at their visiting such a place on such a night, but the man only gathered up his reins impassively, and Gallegher stepped into the cab, with a feeling of disappointment at having missed a point. He rubbed the frosted panes and looked out with boyish interest at the passing holiday-makers. The pavements were full of them and their bundles, and the street as well, with wavering lines of medical students and clerks blowing joyfully on tin horns, and pushing through the crowd with one hand on the shoulder of the man in front. The Christmas greens hung in long lines, and only stopped where a street crossed, and the shop fronts were so brilliant that the street was as light as day.

It was so light that Bronson could read the clipping the city editor had given him.

"What is it we are going on?" asked Gallegher.

Gallegher enjoyed many privileges; they were given him principally, I think, because if they had not been given him he would have taken them. He was very young and small, but sturdily built, and he had a general knowledge which was entertaining, except when he happened to know more about anything than you did. It was impossible to force him to respect your years, for he knew all about you, from the number of lines that had been cut out of your last story to the amount of your very small salary; and there was an awful simplicity about him, and a certain sympathy, or it may have been merely curiosity, which showed itself towards every one with whom he came in contact. So when he asked Bronson what he was going to do, Bronson read the clipping in his hand aloud.

"'Henry Quinn,'" Bronson read, "'who was sentenced to six years in Moyamensing Prison for the robbery of the Second National Bank at Tacony, will be liberated to-night. His sentence has been commuted, owing to good conduct and to the fact that for the last year he has been in very ill health. Quinn was night watchman at the Lebanon bank at the time of the robbery, and, as was shown at the trial, was in reality merely the tool of the robbers. He confessed to complicity in the robbery, but disclaimed having any knowledge of the later whereabouts of the money, which has never been recovered. This was his first offence, and he had, up to the time of the robbery, borne a very excellent reputation. Although but lately married, his married life had been a most unhappy one, his friends claiming that his wife and her mother were the most to blame. Quinn took to spending his evenings away from home, and saw a great deal of a young woman who was supposed to have been the direct cause of his dishonesty. He admitted, in fact, that it was to get money to enable him to leave the country with her that he agreed to assist the bank-robbers. The paper acknowledges the receipt of $10 from M. J. C. to be given to Quinn on his release, also $2 from Cash and $3 from Mary.'"

Gallegher's comment on this was one of disdain. "There isn't much in that," he said, "is there? Just a man that's done time once, and they're letting him out. Now, if it was Kid McCoy, or Billy Porter, or some one like that—eh?" Gallegher had as high a regard for a string of aliases after a name as others have for a double line of K. C. B.'s and C. S. I.'s, and a man who had offended but once was not worthy of his consideration. "And you will work in those blood-hounds again, too, I suppose?" he said, gloomily.

The reporter pretended not to hear this, and to doze in the corner, and Gallegher whistled softly to himself and twisted luxuriously on the cushions. It was an hour later when Bronson awoke to find he had dozed in all seriousness, as a sudden current of cold air cut in his face, and he saw Gallegher standing with his hand on the open door, with the gray wall of the prison rising behind him.

Moyamensing looks like a prison. It is solidly, awfully suggestive of the sternness of its duty and of the hopelessness of its failing in it. It stands like a great fortress of the Middle Ages in a quadrangle of cheap brick and white dwelling-houses, and a few mean shops and tawdry saloons. It has the towers of a fortress, the pillars of an Egyptian temple, but more impressive than either of these is the awful simplicity of the bare, uncompromising wall that shuts out the prying eyes of the world and encloses those who are no longer of the world. It is hard to imagine what effect it has on those who remain in the houses about it. One would think they would sooner live overlooking a graveyard than such a place, with its mystery and hopelessness and unending silence, its hundreds of human inmates whom no one can see or hear, but who one feels are there.

Bronson, as he looked up at the prison, familiar as it was to him, admitted that he felt all this by a frown and a slight shrug of the shoulders. "You are to wait here until twelve," he said to the driver of the nighthawk. "Don't go far away."

Bronson and the boy walked to an oyster saloon that made one of the line of houses facing the gates of the prison on the opposite side of the street, and seated themselves at one of the tables where Bronson could see out towards the northern entrance of the jail. He told Gallegher to eat something, to make them welcome and allow them to remain, and Gallegher climbed up on a high chair, and heard the man shout back his order to the kitchen with a faint smile of anticipation. It was eleven o'clock, but it was even then necessary to begin to watch, as there was a tradition in the office that prisoners with influence were sometimes released before their sentence was quite fulfilled, and Bronson eyed the "released prisoners' gate" from across the top of his paper. The electric lights before the prison showed every stone in its wall, and turned the icy pavements into black mirrors of light. On a church steeple a block away a round clock face told the minutes, and Bronson wondered, if they dragged so slowly to him, how tardily they must follow one another to the men in the prison, who could not see the clock's face. The office-boy finished his supper, and went out to explore the neighborhood, and came back later to say that it was growing colder, and that he had located the driver in a saloon, but that he was, to all appearances, still sober. Bronson suggested that he had better sacrifice himself once again and eat something for the good of the house, and Gallegher assented listlessly, with the comment that one "might as well be eatin' as doin' nothin'." He went out again restlessly, and was gone for a quarter of an hour, and Bronson had re-read the day's paper and the signs on the wall and the clipping he had read before, and was thinking of going out to find him, when Gallegher put his head and arm through the door and beckoned to him from the outside. Bronson wrapped his coat up around his throat and followed him leisurely to the street. Gallegher halted at the curb, and pointed across to the figure of a woman pacing up and down the glare of the electric lights, and making a conspicuous shadow on the white surface of the snow.

"That lady," said Gallegher, "asked me what door they let the released prisoners out of, an' I said I didn't know, an' that I knew a young fellow who did."

Bronson stood considering the possible value of this for a moment, and then crossed the street slowly. The woman looked up sharply as he approached, but stood still, as if she had no other place to go.

"If you are waiting to see Quinn," Bronson said, abruptly, "he will come out of that upper gate, the green one with the iron spikes over it."

The woman stood motionless, and looked at him doubtfully. She was quite young and pretty, but her face was drawn and wearied-looking, as though she were a convalescent or one who was in trouble. She was of the working class.

"I am waiting for him myself," Bronson said, to reassure her.

"Are you?" the girl answered, vaguely. "Did you try to see him?" She did not wait for an answer, but went on nervously. "They wouldn't let me see him. I have been here since noon. I thought maybe he might get out before that, and I'd be too late. You are sure that is the gate, are you? Some of them told me there was another, and I was afraid I'd miss him. I've waited so long," she added. Then she asked, "You're a friend of his, ain't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so," Bronson said. "I am waiting to give him some money."

"Yes? I have some money, too," the girl said, slowly. "Not much." Then she looked at Bronson eagerly and with a touch of suspicion, and took a step backward. "You're no friend of hern, are you?" she asked, sharply.

"Her? Whom do you mean?" asked Bronson.

But Gallegher interrupted him. "Certainly not," he said. "Of course not."

The girl gave a satisfied nod, and then turned to retrace her steps over the beat she had laid out for herself.

"Whom do you think she means?" asked Bronson, in a whisper.

"His wife, I suppose," Gallegher answered, impatiently.

The girl came back, as if finding some comfort in their presence. "*She's* inside now," with a nod of her head towards the prison. "Her and her mother. They come in a cab," she added, as if that circumstance made it a little harder to bear. "And when I asked if I could see him, the man at the gate said he had orders not. I suppose she gave him them orders. Don't you think so?" She did not wait for a reply, but went on as though she had been watching alone so long that it was a relief to speak to some one. "How much money have you got?" she asked.

Bronson told her.

"Fifty-five dollars!" The girl laughed sadly. "I only got $15. That ain't much, is it? That's all I could make—I've been sick—that and the fifteen I sent the paper."

"Was it you that—did you send any money to a paper?" asked Bronson.

"Yes; I sent $15. I thought maybe I wouldn't get to speak to him if she came out with him, and I wanted him to have the money, so I sent it to the paper, and asked them to see he got it. I give it under three names: I give my initials, and 'Cash,' and just my name—'Mary.' I wanted him to know it was me give it. I suppose they'll send it all right. Fifteen dollars don't look like much against $55, does it?" She took a small roll of bills from her pocket and smiled down at them. Her hands were bare, and Bronson saw that they were chapped and rough. She rubbed them one over the other, and smiled at him wearily.

Bronson could not place her in the story he was about to write; it was a new and unlooked-for element, and one that promised to be of moment. He took the roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to her. "You might as well give him this too," he said. "I will be here until he comes out, and it makes no difference who gives him the money, so long as he gets it."

The girl smiled confusedly. The show of confidence seemed to please her. But she said: "No, I'd rather not. You see, it isn't mine, and I *did* work for this," holding out her own roll of money. She looked up at him steadily, and paused for a moment, and then said, almost defiantly, "Do you know who I am?"

"I can guess," Bronson said.

"Yes, I suppose you can," the girl answered. "Well, you can believe it or not, just as you please"—as though he had accused her of something—"but, before God, it wasn't my doings." She pointed with a wave of her hand towards the prison wall. "I didn't know it was for *me* he helped them get the money until he said so on the stand. I didn't know he was thinking of running off with me at all. I guess I'd have gone if he had asked me. But I didn't put him up to it, as they said I'd done. I knew he cared for me a lot, but I didn't think he cared as much as that. His wife"—she stopped, and seemed to consider her words carefully, as if to be quite fair in what she said—"his wife, I guess, didn't know just how to treat him. She was too fond of going out, and having company at the house when he was away nights watching at the bank. When they was first married she used to go down to the bank and sit up with him to keep him company, but it was lonesome there in the dark, and she give it up. She was always fond of company and having men around. Her and her mother are a good deal alike. Henry used to grumble about it, and then she'd get mad, and that's how it begun. And then the neighbors talked too. It was after that that he got to coming to see me. I was living out in service then, and he used to stop in to see me on his way back from the bank, about seven in the morning, when I was up in the kitchen getting breakfast. I'd give him a cup of coffee or something, and that's how we got acquainted." She turned her face away, and looked off at the lights further down the street. "They said a good deal about me and him that wasn't true." There was a pause, and then she turned her face to them again. "I told him he ought to stop coming to see me, and to make it up with his wife, but he said he liked me best. I couldn't help his saying that, could I, if he did? Then he—then this come," she nodded to the jail, "and they blamed *me* for it. They said that I stood in with the bank-robbers, and was working with them; they said they used me for to get him to help them." She lifted her face to the boy and the man, and they saw that her eyes were wet and that her face was quivering. "That's likely, isn't it?" she demanded, with a sob. She stood for a moment looking at the great iron gate, and then at the clock face glowing dully through the falling snow: it showed a quarter to twelve. "When he was put away," she went on, sadly, "I started in to wait for him, and to save something against him coming out. I only got $3 a week and my keep, but I had saved $130 up to last April, and then I took sick, and it all went to the doctor and for medicines. I didn't want to spend it that way, but I couldn't die and not see him. Sometimes I thought it would be better if I did die and save the money for him, and then there wouldn't be any more trouble, anyway. But I couldn't make up my mind to do it. I did go without taking medicines they laid out for me for three days; but I had to live—I just *had* to. Sometimes I think I ought to have given up, and not tried to get well. What do you think?"

Bronson shook his head, and cleared his throat as if he was going to speak, but said nothing. Gallegher was looking up at the girl with large open eyes. Bronson wondered if any woman would ever love him as much as that, or if he would ever love any woman so. It made him feel lonesome, and he shook his head. "Well?" he said, impatiently.

"Well, that's all; that's how it is," she said. "She's been living on there at Tacony with her mother. She kept seeing as many men as before, and kept getting pitied all the time; everybody was so sorry for her. When he was took so bad that time a year ago with his lungs, they said in Lebanon that if he died she'd marry Charley Oakes, the conductor. He's always going to see her. Them that knew her knew me, and I got word about how Henry was getting on. I couldn't see him, because she told lies about me to the warden, and they wouldn't let me. But I got word about him. He's been fearful sick just lately. He caught a cold walking in the yard, and it got down to his lungs. That's why they are letting him out. They say he's changed so. I wonder if I'm changed much?" she said. "I've fallen off since I was ill." She passed her hands slowly over her face, with a touch of vanity that hurt Bronson somehow, and he wished he might tell her how pretty she still was. "Do you think he'll know me?" she asked. "Do you think she'll let me speak to him?"

"I don't know. How can I tell?" said the reporter, sharply. He was strangely nervous and upset. He could see no way out of it. The girl seemed to be telling the truth, and yet the man's wife was with him and by his side, as she should be, and this woman had no place on the scene, and could mean nothing but trouble to herself and to every one else. "Come," he said, abruptly, "we had better be getting up there. It's only five minutes of twelve."

The girl turned with a quick start, and walked on ahead of them up the drive leading between the snow-covered grass-plots that stretched from the pavement to the wall of the prison. She moved unsteadily and slowly, and Bronson saw that she was shivering, either from excitement or the cold.

"I guess," said Gallegher, in an awed whisper, "that there's going to be a scrap."

"Shut up," said Bronson.

They stopped a few yards before the great green double gate, with a smaller door cut in one of its halves, and with the light from a big lantern shining down on them. They could not see the clock-face from where they stood, and when Bronson took out his watch and looked at it, the girl turned her face to his appealingly, but did not speak.

"It will be only a little while now," he said, gently. He thought he had never seen so much trouble and fear and anxiety in so young a face, and he moved towards her and said, in a whisper, as though those inside could hear him, "Control yourself if you can," and then added, doubtfully, and still in a whisper, "You can take my arm if you need it." The girl shook her head dumbly, but took a step nearer him, as if for protection, and turned her eyes fearfully towards the gate. The minutes passed on slowly but with intense significance, and they stood so still that they could hear the wind playing through the wires of the electric light back of them, and the clicking of the icicles as they dropped from the edge of the prison wall to the stones at their feet.

And then slowly and laboriously, and like a knell, the great gong of the prison sounded the first stroke of twelve; but before it had counted three there came suddenly from all the city about them a great chorus of clanging bells and the shrieks and tooting of whistles and the booming of cannon. From far down town the big bell of the State-house, with its prestige and historic dignity back of it, tried to give the time, but the other bells raced past it, and beat out on the cold crisp air joyously and uproariously from Kensington to the Schuylkill; and from far across the Neck, over the marshes and frozen ponds, came the dull roar of the guns at the navy-yard, and from the Delaware the hoarse tootings of the ferry-boats, and the sharp shrieks of the tugs, until the heavens seemed to rock and swing with the great welcome.

Gallegher looked up quickly with a queer awed smile.

"Its Christmas," he said, and then he nodded doubtfully towards Bronson and said, "Merry Christmas, sir."

It had come to the waiting holiday crowd downtown around the State-house, to the captain of the tug fog-bound on the river, to the engineer sweeping across the white fields and sounding his welcome with his hand on the bell cord, to the prisoners beyond the walls, and to the children all over the land watching their stockings at the foot of their beds. And then the three were instantly drawn down to earth again by the near sharp click of opening bolts and locks, and the green gates swung heavily in before them. The jail yard was light with whitewash, and two great lamps in front of round reflectors shone with blinding force in their faces, and made them start suddenly backward, as though they had been caught in the act and held in the circle of a policeman's lantern. In the middle of the yard was the carriage in which the prisoner's wife and her mother had come, and around it stood the wardens and turnkeys in their blue and gold uniforms. They saw them dimly from behind the glare of the carriage lamps that shone in their faces, and showed the horses moving slowly towards them, and the driver holding up their heads as they slipped and slid on the icy stones. The girl put her hand on Bronson's arm and clinched it with her fingers, but her eyes were on the advancing carriage. The horses slipped nearer to them and passed them, and the lights from the lamps now showed their backs and the paving-stones beyond them, and left the cab in partial darkness. It was a four-seated carriage with a movable top opening into two halves in the centre. It had been closed when the cab first entered the prison, a few hours before, but now its top was thrown back, and they could see that it held the two women, who sat facing each other on the further side, and on the side nearer them, stretching from the forward seat to the top of the back, was a plain board coffin, prison-made and painted black.

The girl at Bronson's side gave something between a cry and a shriek that turned him sick for an instant, and that made the office-boy drop his head between his shoulders as though some one had struck at him from above. Even the horses shied with sudden panic towards one another, and the driver pulled them in with an oath of consternation and threw himself forward to look beneath their hoofs. And as the carriage stopped the girl sprung in between the wheels and threw her arms across the lid of the coffin, and laid her face down upon the boards that were already damp with the falling snow.

"Henry! Henry! Henry!" she moaned.

The surgeon who attended the prisoner through the sickness that had cheated the country of three hours of his sentence ran out from the hurrying crowd of wardens and drew the girl slowly and gently away, and the two women moved on triumphantly with their sorry victory.

Bronson gave his copy to Gallegher to take to the office, and Gallegher laid it and the roll of money on the city editor's desk, and then, so the chief related afterwards, moved off quickly to the door. The chief looked up from his proofs and touched the roll of money with his pencil. "Here! what's this?" he asked. "Wouldn't he take it?".

Gallegher stopped and straightened himself as though about to tell with proper dramatic effect the story of the night's adventure, and then, as though the awe of it still hung upon him, backed slowly to the door, and said, confusedly, "No, sir; he was—he didn't need it."

A DISTANT CAROL.

MARK,
Leaning from the casement dark,
How the keen, star-kindled light
Of the pulseless winter night
Glints upon the bosom white
Of the frozen earth,
Drear, ev'n for that wond'rous birth,
Lofty, lowly,
Human, holy,
Whereat now all earth rejoices.
Hark! a distant choir of voices
In a Christmas carol blending,
To the sparkling sky ascending.
Hear the far chimes' measured ringing
Faintly blended with the singing;
Sinking, soaring,
Soft, adoring;
Midnight now hath found a tongue,
As though the choirèd stars that sung
High circling over them
That watched in Bethlehem,
Were echoing, echoing still,
Peace and good-will,
Good-will.

Peace and good-will to men,
The voices wake again.
Soft chimes their tones repeat.
Oh, far-heard message sweet,
So faintly heard as yet
That men forget,
Forget.
Come nearer; louder swell!
Soar, voices! Peal, clear bell!
Wake echoes that shall last
Till all the year be past!
When yuletide comes again,
Still may *Good-will to men*
Be echoing, echoing still—
Peace and good-will,
Good-will!

KATHERINE VAN HARLINGEN.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS.

THE way to Barbury was long, and James Hutchins having offered to tell another story of the sea, I gladly accepted his offer, and he began:

"In the year 1801 my grandfather, William Truscott, found himself skipper and owner of the fast-sailin' brig *Mary Ann*, of Marblehead. He warn't more than twenty-four years old at the time, and considered himself mighty fortunate in bein' so well fixed so early in life. But seems as if he congratulated himself too soon. About the time he got to be skipper there came a streak of hard times, and nary a vessel sailed from Marblehead for furrin parts for several months. Even after times did begin to get better, none of the merchants of the town seemed to want the *Mary Ann* to carry their cargoes. My grandfather was down on the wharf one day, sittin' on a pile, lookin' at the brig, and wonderin' what made his luck turn bad so, when he see comin' towards him old Ephraim Bagley, the undertaker. Grandfather thinks to himself that old Bagley see he was in danger of starvin' before long, and was goin' to try to sell him a coffin before his money was all gone, so he turned away, for he hated the old feller, and wouldn't have patronized him for a good deal.

"'Brig hain't been doin' much these days, has it?' said Bagley.

"'Nop,' said my grandfather.

"'I have been thinkin' of sendin' a cargo to furrin parts, but I don't s'pose there's any use of askin' the captain of the *Mary Ann* to carry it. *His* ship is too busy—he! he! He hain't taken a Marblehead cargo for six months. He is too busy, he is. He! he! he! he!'

"Grandfather was mad enough to choke the old feller, but he couldn't afford to lose a chance to get a cargo, so he looked up respectfully enough, and said he warn't busy, and asked Bagley what he wanted to carry and where he wanted it carried.

"'Never you mind what nor where till I make terms,' said Bagley. 'You're losin' money, young man. You know that it won't do to keep your vessel idle like this, and the longer she stays idle, the less likely it is that people will ever want to use her. She's beginnin' to get a bad name already. People try to find some reason why she ain't used, and say she's cranky, leaky, doesn't mind her helm, and other things. Now I offer to pay the wages of the crew, pervide all the food and supplies necessary for a v'yage, you to furnish ship and get nothin' but your board. You can't stay around here doin' nothin', your board is worth more than that, and, as I said, your ship will get a bad name if she stays idle much longer.'

"Grandfather see the old feller was talkin' sense, even if he was drivin' a hard bargain, so he said: 'I will take you up. Where do you want to go?'

"'Naples,' said Bagley; 'and I want to take a cargo of coffins. They are havin' the plague over there, and I have a lot of coffins on hand. I think there is a chance to make money. Them folks is dyin' faster than they can turn out coffins. I have 600 coffins on hand—a batch I made up when that yellow-fever ship from Surinam put in at Boston; but this State was too cold, the fever didn't take holt, and I've got all them coffins on hand. I expect to make a big thing out of them Italians.'

"Grandfather knew that the Italians didn't use no coffins, scarcely even botherin' with graves; but he didn't tell old Bagley so. He merely remarked that it would be necessary for 'em to load the cargo nights, for sailors was such superstitious critturs that it would be hard to get a crew to sail a ship loaded with coffins.

"Old Bagley seed to puttin' the coffins aboard—him and grandfather. There was all kinds. Plain wood-colored ones; red, white, and blue ones for Revolutionary veterans; black-walnut and mahogany ones; some with leather handles, some with silver handles; and there was 75 that was all padded and upholstered inside, with perfumery bags put around under the paddin'; had patent snap-locks, and little glass windows over the place where the face come that could be opened and shut.

"Grandfather soon got a crew together, and made everything ready to sail. When the day for sailin' come, what did he see but old Marm Bagley a-heavin' down the wharf, closely follered by her particular friend the Widder Haskins, both on 'em carryin' baskets full of knittin'-work, and two big bags! He observed something squirmin' 'round in the bags, and he thought mebbe it was eels. He axed Mis' Bagley if it was, and she said no, it was cats; she was goin' on the v'yage, she and Mis' Haskins, and they was goin' to take the cats for company. Great Scott! he was took back. Here they was, a-goin' to make a v'yage with a cargo of coffins, and a lot of cats for passengers! Every one knows that cats are unlucky critturs to have on a ship.

"'Mis' Bagley,' said grandfather, 'all we have got left to do to make this v'yage a success is to set sail on Friday. Coffins and cats! For land's sake, don't let any of the men know them cats are on board, for they'll all leave the ship. Coffins and cats! Jerusalem crickets!'

"Marm Bagley took the cats down into the cabin, and, thinkin' that the vessel was loaded with sideboards, revolvin' bookcases, and bedsteads, the crew made sail on her, and before long the Massachusetts coast was out of sight. Nothin' happened on the v'yage across, 'cept when Marm Bagley let out her cats, on the fourth day from port, and some of the old sailors took to tellin' yarns about the strange misfortunes what had happened to ships havin' cats on board, especially where they was black cats with white tips on their tails, like eight of Marm Bagley's twenty-seven.

"The ship went across the Atlantic all right, and passed through the Straits of Gibraltar. The evenin' arter the passage, grandfather was leanin' on the rail lookin' at the sea, and thinkin' what hard luck he was havin' with his ship, when the mate came alongside and says:

"'William, you have allers been a good friend to me, and I want to tell you something I heard Bagley tellin' his wife last night. He says that when we get to Naples, and the crew finds out that them boxes below contain coffins—and he is goin' to be sure and tell 'em—they will all refuse to make the return v'yage, what with coffins and cats both bein' worked up to a high degree. He says you hain't got no money to pay for a new crew, he only agreein' to pay this one, and he expects to buy the ship of you dog-cheap, for you would rather sell it cheap than have it rot in Naples Bay.'

"Grandfather felt bad when he heard this, for he knew he couldn't sell his ship to the Italians, they doin' most of their navigatin' in them little lantern-rigged zebras, and his only chance, and a dum slim one too, was to sell it to some stray Englishman. He couldn't see no way out of the difficulty, so he went to bed, wishin' that old Bagley was in one of his own coffins planted in Marblehead graveyard.

"When he came on deck in the mornin' he found the mate lookin' through the long glass at a vessel to windward. He took a squint likewise, and see that it was an Algerine pirate vessel. There was the banks of oars, and the red flag with a white spot on it floatin' at the mast-head. Grandfather's first impulse was to crowd on all sail and try to escape, but then he remembered what the mate had told him the night before, and he thought to himself that he might as well be in the hands of a pirate from Algiers as a pirate from Marblehead, so he sot down and never uttered a word. Pretty soon Bagley come on deck, and when he was told that pirates was chasin' 'em, he got frantic. He begun givin' orders to the crew, but as he didn't give none of 'em correct, nobody minded him. The pirate ship kept gettin' a little bit nearer, and grandfather done what I allers considered a very queer thing. He decided to turn Mohammedan. He thought to himself that it was pretty likely that the pirates would catch 'em, even if they did try to get away. Then they would be made slaves until their friends ransomed them. As for him, he didn't have no friends or near relatives to ransom him. If he would turn Mohammedan, the Algerines would set him free and make a great man of him, like they allers did with Christian slaves who turned. Then he would see that the crew was sent home without ransom—all except Bagley; he would buy him, and make him work all-fired hard. If the ship got away, then he would be in old Bagley's hands, and would starve at Naples. If the ship got caught, then he would be saved from ruin, would get even with Bagley, and the crew would be no worse nor better off than they were before. He had no friends to leave in America. The only thing that troubled him was leavin' his religion; but he said to himself that if such pizen scoundrels as Bagley could be deacons in the church, he didn't care much about leavin' such a concern. Right there is where I allers held he done wrong. It ain't no reason for leavin' a good institution like the church because a bad man happens to belong to it.

"Well, Bagley seed that grandfather didn't take no interest in the question whether the *Mary Ann* could beat the pirate, so he said, 'Truscott, if you will get us out of this scrape, I will give you two hundred dollars.'

"Grandfather looked around and see the pirate was gettin' a little bit nearer, and he never said a word.

"'I'll give you three hundred,' said Bagley; 'ain't that enough?'

"Grandfather never uttered a word, and Bagley went forward. By-and-by he came back.

"'Truscott, what's the matter with you, anyway?'

"Grandfather up and told him what the mate had heard him tellin' his wife, and said this was the reason he didn't take no interest in escapin' the pirate.

"'Truscott,' says Bagley, 'if you will get us out of this scrape, I swear on the Bible that I'll give you the proceeds of this v'yage, and promise not to get the crew to desert at Naples.'

"Grandfather jumped to his feet, and give orders to clap on all sail. He didn't care for the proceeds of the v'yage, for he knew there warn't goin' to be any, but he loved his ship; and now that Bagley had promised not to cheat him out of it, was ready to try to get away. He made Bagley give him a receipt for all there was on the ship, and the sailors signed it as witnesses, and deposited it with the mate to give back to Bagley if he didn't succeed in gettin' away from the pirates. Under the extra press of sail, the *Mary Ann* leaped forward, and the pirate began to drop behind; but, as luck would have it, the wind died down, and with oars and sails both, the pirate rapidly overhauled the *Mary Ann*, and gettin' within range, fired away at her to make her lie to.

"'Better lie to,' said the mate. 'I'd rather go to prison than be killed.'

"'Hold her to it,' said grandfather. 'Don't you see them cat's-paws comin'? The wind will freshen in a minute. If they don't shoot away some of our riggin', we'll escape yet.'

"They could see the wind darkenin' the water in little spots, comin' nearer and nearer. Speakin' of cat's-paws made grandfather think of something. He had all of Marm Bagley's cats fetched out and put around in the riggin' and conspicuous-like on the deck. As soon as he done this, the Algerines quit firin'. The cat is a sacred animal to the Mohammedans, and they was afraid they would hit a cat, so they quit. But the breeze didn't come up, and in no time the pirate vessel was alongside, and the pirates was gettin' ready to board.

"'Go down into the hold with three men,' said grandfather to the mate, 'and take them seventy-five upholstered mahogany coffins out of their boxes, and get 'em ready to bring on deck.'

"The sailors looked astonished when they heard him speak of coffins, but three of 'em went to help the mate. Up over the sides of the vessel swarmed the pirates, and before long fifty of 'em was standin' on the deck.

"'What ship is this?' asked an interpreter, of my grandfather; for all Barbary pirate ships carried interpreters, meetin' people of all nations, as they did.

"'This,' replied grandfather, 'is a ship bearin' presents from the President of the United States to the Sultan of Turkey.' You see, the Sultan of Turkey was kinder looked up to by the Barbary States, he bein' a sorter head to all Mahommedan countries.

"'We shall have to examine your cargo, and if what you say is true, you shall go your way; but if not, we shall take you to Algiers. Let us see your presents.'

"'We are carryin' some most wonderful things,' says grandfather—'magical dream caskets. You just lie down in one on 'em, and the most beautiful dreams come to you. Some of our magicians got 'em up. They're the greatest thing out.'

"The interpreter translated this to the old pirate captain, and then he said that the captain wished to try one of the dream caskets, to see if grandfather was tellin' the truth about 'em.

"'Step into the cabin, gentlemen;' and the captain and ten others stepped in.

"Eleven mahogany coffins was fetched in. The Algerines looked at the silver handles, the silk and velvet paddin', the little glass windows, smelt of the perfumery, and then they believed every word grandfather had said. They had never seed no coffins, for in their country they put folks in stone tombs. Orientals is superstitious, grandfather allers said, and they swallered all he told 'em.

"'Get right in, gentlemen,' said he; and they all got in, and openin' the little glass windows so they could breathe, he shut the covers, the patent locks fastened, and there they was.

"'Them chaps is out of my way,' thought grandfather; 'now I must catch the others.' Then he continued aloud: 'Gentlemen, we will leave you now, so as not to disturb you. You will fall asleep in about five minutes, and dream most beautiful dreams.'

"Then he and the interpreter went on deck and axed the rest of the fellers if they didn't want to dream some. They said they was afraid the officers would be mad if they found it out, so he told 'em he would wake 'em arter a little before the officers came out, and the hull thirty-nine crept into the coffins, the patent locks clicked, and there they was. The pirate vessel was a low-lyin' craft, and the *Mary Ann* stood so high out of the water with her light cargo that what was takin' place on her decks could not be seen from the pirate.

"'How many men have you on your ship?' said grandfather to the interpreter, casual like.

"'Sixty, not countin' the rowers, of course—Christian slaves chained to the oars. She ain't manned for a regular cruise. We have been carryin' the annual tribute to the Sultan, and in return we are bringin' presents of gold and silver and one of the Sultan's one hundred and nineteen daughters to marry the Dey of Algiers.'

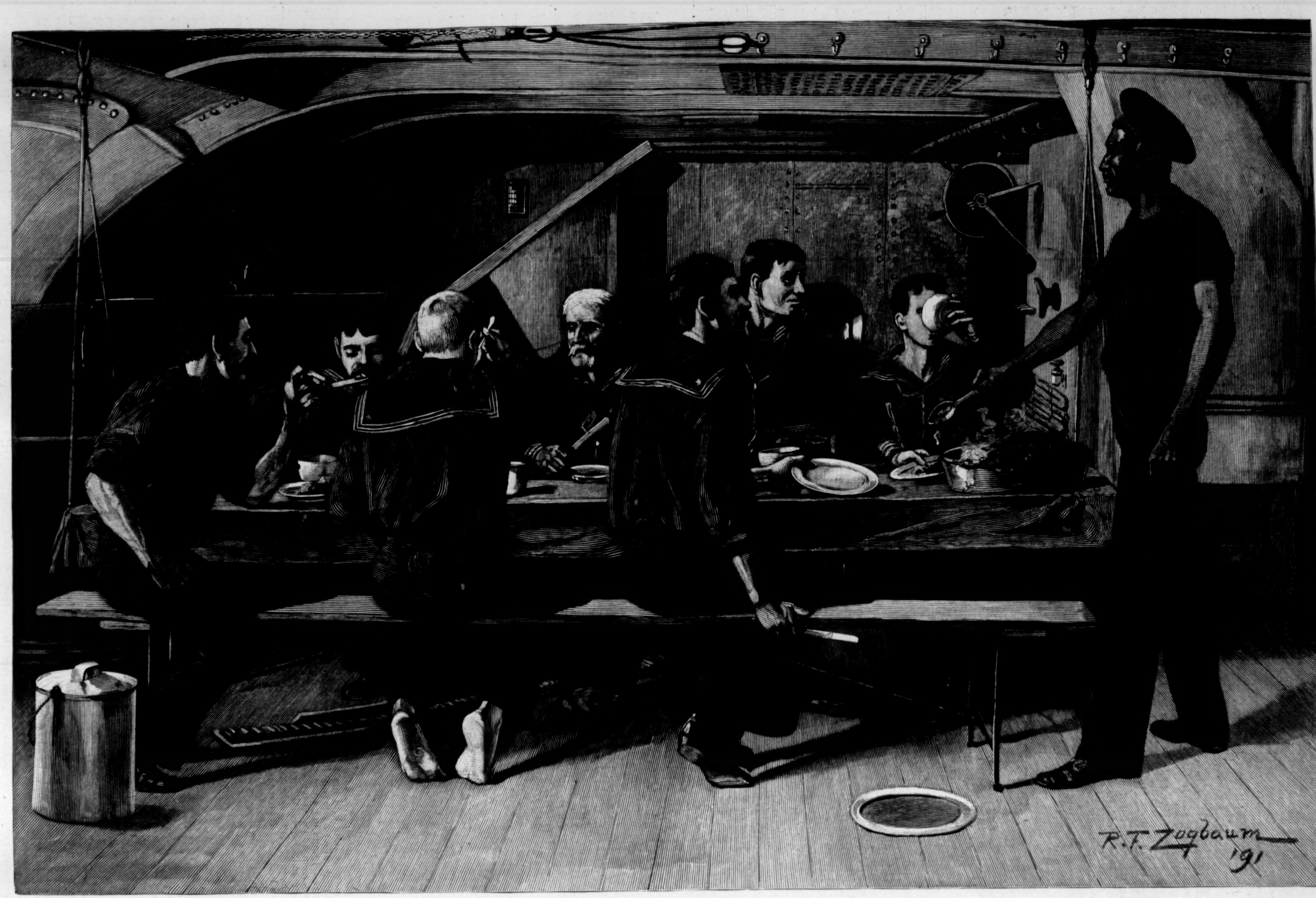
"Then fifty of the sixty Algerines were where they couldn't do no harm. Quicker than a flash grandfather pulled out a pistol, and pointed it at the interpreter's head.

"'Tell them other ten men to come aboard here at once. I don't know your lingo, but if I observe that they don't move quick, I'll blow your brains out.'

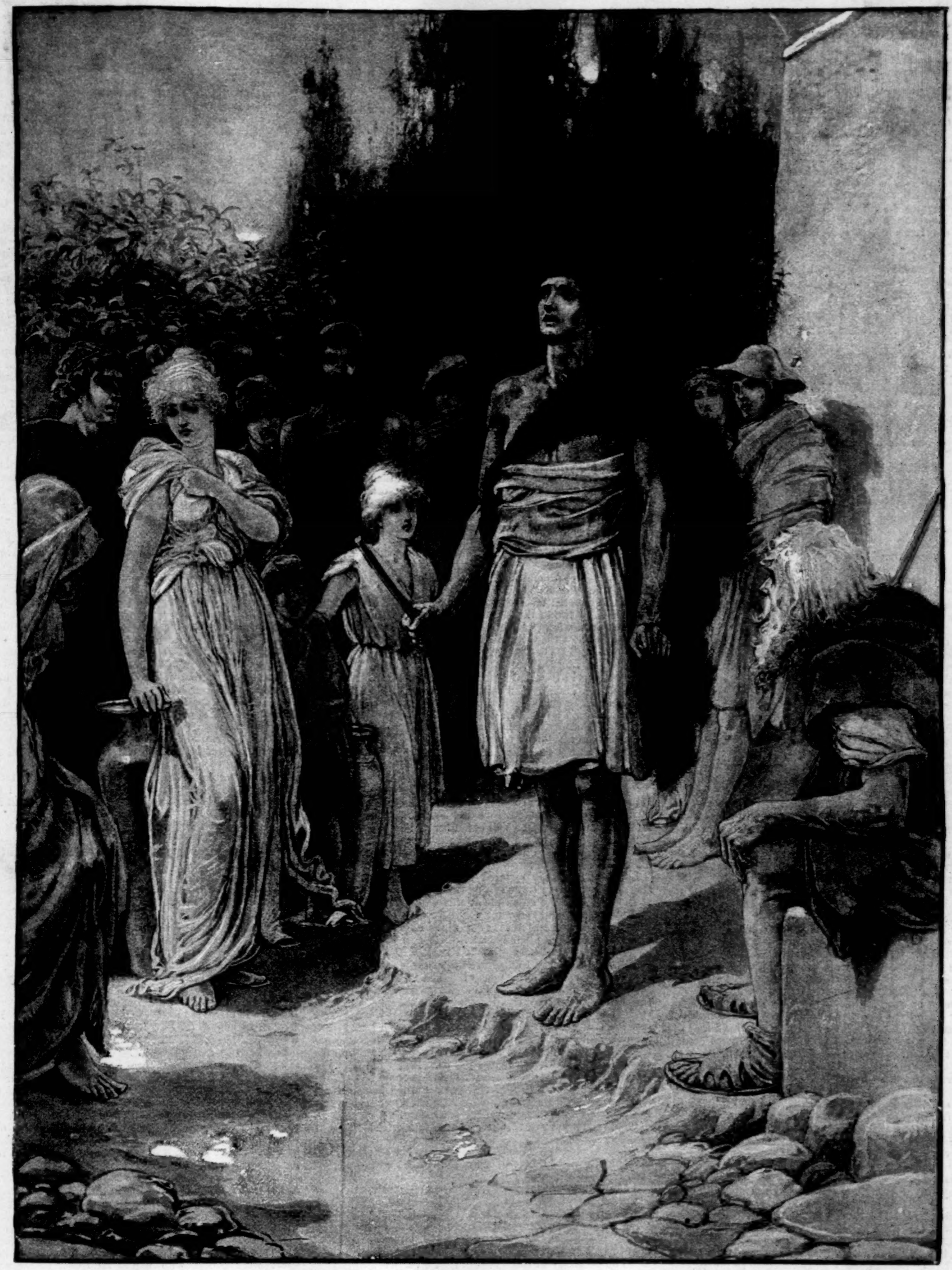
"The interpreter called, and the ten men started to come aboard. As fast as they stepped on deck they was knocked down one by one, and put in some of the red, white, and blue coffins made for Revolutionary veterans, and there was the whole passel of the pirates captured as slick as a whistle. Grandfather searched the pirate ship, took all the valuables, and divided 'em among his crew. He cut the chains off the rowers, all Spaniards and Italians, and told 'em to take the pirate vessel to the nearest Christian port. Then takin' the Sultan's daughter aboard with him, he 'bout ship, and sailed for America. He sold the Algerines at five hundred dollars a head to Americans to exchange for their friends who were captives in Algiers. As the Barbary States was then chargin' seven hundred dollars ransom-money, this was cheap; nevertheless, he made a good thing out of it. The Sultan's daughter, who was a very pretty girl, he sent to school, where she got converted, and turned out a first-class girl generally. When she got through school, not knowin' what else to do with her, he up and married her."

"So you are of Turkish descent," I said to James Hutchins, as he finished his story.

"Yes, I expect so," said he, clucking to his horse.


R.F. Zogbaum '91

JACK'S CHRISTMAS DINNER—PLUM-DUFF.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.



"LEO WENT DOWN THE ROAD, COLLECTED HIS LITTLE KNOT OF LISTENERS, AND BEGAN THE SONG OF THE GIRL."

"THE CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

In the hush of an April dawning, when the streets were velvety still,
The High Gods quitted Olympus, and relighted on Ludgate Hill;
The asphodel sprang from the asphalt, the amaranth opened her eyes,
And the smoke of the City of London went up to the stainless skies.

"Now whom shall I kiss?" said Venus, and "What can I kill?" said Jove,
And "Look at the Bridge," said Vulcan, and "Smut's on my wings!" said Love.
Then
The High Gods veiled their glories to walk with the children of men.

* * * * * * * *

In the hush of an April twilight, to the roar of the Holborn train,
The High Gods sprang from the pavement and went to their place again;
And I heard, tho' none had tolled it, as a great portcullis falls,
In the rear of their wheeling legions, the boom of the bell of St. Paul's.
—*The Gods in London.*

THOUSANDS of years ago, when men were greater than they are to-day, the Children of the Zodiac lived in the world. There were six Children of the Zodiac—the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, the Twins, and the Girl; and they were afraid of the Six Houses which belonged to the Scorpion—the Balance, the Crab, the Fishes, the Sea Goat, and the Waterman. Even when they first stepped down upon the earth and knew that they were immortal Gods, they carried this fear with them, and the fear grew as they became better acquainted with mankind and heard stories of the Six Houses. Men treated the Children as Gods, and came to them with prayers and long stories of wrong, while the Children of the Zodiac listened and could not understand.

A mother would fling herself before the feet of the Twins or the Bull, crying: "My husband was at work in the fields, and the Archer shot him and he died, and my son will also be killed by the Archer. Help me!" The Bull would lower his huge head and answer, "What is that to me?" Or the Twins would smile and continue their play, for they could not understand why the water ran out of people's eyes. At other times a man and a woman would come to Leo or the Girl, crying: "We two are newly married, and we are very happy. Take these flowers." As they threw the flowers they would make mysterious sounds to show that they were happy, and Leo and the Girl wondered even more than the Twins why people shouted "Ha! ha! ha!" for no cause.

This continued for thousands of years by human reckoning, till on a day Leo met the Girl walking across the hills, and saw that she had changed entirely since he had last seen her. The Girl, looking at Leo, saw that he too had changed altogether since their last meeting. Then they decided that it would be well never to separate again, in case even more startling changes should occur when the one was not at hand to help the other. Leo kissed the Girl, and all Earth felt that kiss; and the Girl sat down on a hill and the water ran out of her eyes; and this had never happened before in the memory of the Children of the Zodiac.

As they sat together a man and a woman came by, and the man said to the woman:

"What is the use of wasting flowers on those dull gods? They will never understand, darling."

The Girl jumped up and put her arms round the woman, crying: "I understand. Give me the flowers, and I will give you a kiss."

Leo said to the man beneath his breath, "What was the new name that I heard you give to your woman just now?"

The man answered, "Darling, of course."

"Why of course?" said Leo; "and if of course, what does it mean?"

"It means 'very dear,' and you have only to look at your wife to see why."

"I see," said Leo; "you are quite right;" and when the man and the woman had gone on he called the Girl "darling wife"; and the Girl wept again from sheer happiness.

"I think," she said at last, wiping her eyes—"I think that we two have neglected men and women a great deal too much. What did you do with the sacrifices they made to you, Leo?"

"I let them burn," said Leo; "I could not eat them. What did you do with the flowers?"

"I let them wither. I could not wear them, I had so many of my own," said the Girl; "and now I am sorry."

"There is nothing to grieve for," said Leo, "now that we belong to each other."

As they were talking the years of men's life slipped by unnoticed, and presently the man and the woman came back, both white-headed, the man carrying the woman.

"We have come to the end of things," said the man, quietly. "This that was my wife—"

"As I am Leo's wife," said the Girl, quickly, her eyes staring.

"—was my wife, has been killed by one of your Houses." The man set down his burden, and laughed.

"Which House?" said Leo, angrily, for he hated them all equally.

"You are Gods, you should know," said the man. "We have lived together and loved one another, and I have left a good farm for my son; what have I to complain of except that I still live?"

As he was bending over his wife's body there came a whistling through the air, and he started and tried to run away, crying, "It is the arrow of the Archer. Let me live a little longer—only a little longer!" The arrow struck him, and he died. Leo looked at the Girl and she looked at him, and both were puzzled.

"He wished to die," said Leo. "He said that he wished to die, and when death came, he tried to run away. He is a coward."

"No, he is not," said the Girl. "I think I feel what he felt. Leo, we must learn more about this for their sakes."

"For *their* sakes," said Leo, very loudly.

"Because *we* are never going to die," said the Girl and Leo together, still more loudly.

"Now sit you still here, darling wife," said Leo, "while I go to the Houses whom we hate, and learn how to make these men and women live as we do."

"And love as we do," said the Girl.

"I do not think they need to be taught that," said Leo; and he strode very angry away, with his lion-skin swinging from his shoulder, till he came to the House where the Scorpion lives in the darkness, brandishing his tail over his back.

"Why do you trouble the children of men?" said Leo with his heart between his teeth.

"Are you so sure that I trouble the children of men alone?" said the Scorpion. "Speak to your brother the Bull, and see what he says."

"I come on behalf of the children of men," said Leo. "I have learned to love as they do, and I wish them to live as I—as we do."

"Your wish was granted long ago. Speak to the Bull. He is under my special care," said the Scorpion.

Leo dropped back to the Earth again, and saw the great star Aldebaran, that is set in the forehead of the Bull, blazing very near to the earth. When he came up to it he saw that his brother the Bull, yoked to a countryman's plough, was toiling through a wet rice field, with his head bent down and the sweat streaming from his flanks. The countryman was urging him forward with a goad.

"Gore that insolent to death," cried Leo; "and for the sake of our family honor come out of the mire."

"I cannot," said the Bull; "the Scorpion has told me that some day, of which I cannot be sure, he will curl his tail over his back and sting me where my neck is set on my shoulders, and that I shall die bellowing."

"What has that to do with this disgraceful exhibition?" said Leo, standing on the dike that bounded the wet field.

"Everything. This man could not plough without my help. He thinks that I am a stray bullock."

"But he is a naked, mud-crusted reptile with long hair," insisted Leo. "We are not meant for his use."

"You may not be; I am. I cannot tell when the Scorpion may choose to sting me to death—perhaps before I have turned this furrow." The Bull flung his bulk into the yoke, and the plough tore through the wet ground behind him, and the countryman goaded him till his flanks were red.

"Do you like this?" Leo called down the dripping furrows.

"No," said the Bull over his shoulder, as he lifted his hind legs from the clinging mud and cleared his nostrils.

Leo left him scornfully and passed to another country, where he found his brother the Ram in the centre of a crowd of country people, who were hanging wreaths round his neck and feeding him on freshly plucked green corn.

"This is terrible," said Leo. "Break up that crowd and come away, my brother. Their hands are spoiling your fleece."

"I cannot," said the Ram. "The Archer told me that on some day of which I have no knowledge he would send a dart through me, and that I should die in very great pain."

"What has that to do with this disgraceful exhibition?" said Leo; but he did not speak as confidently as before.

"Everything in the world," said the Ram. "These people never saw a perfect sheep before. They think that I am a stray, and they will carry me from place to place as a model to all their flocks."

"But they are greasy shepherds; we are not intended to amuse them," said Leo.

"You may not be; I am," said the Ram. "I cannot tell when the Archer may choose to send his arrow at me; perhaps before the people a mile down the road have seen me." The Ram lowered his head that a yokel newly arrived might throw a wreath of wild garlic leaves over it, and waited patiently while the farmers tugged his fleece.

"Do you like this?" cried Leo over the shoulders of the crowd.

"No," said the Ram, as the dust of the tramping feet made him sneeze, and he snuffed at the fodder piled before him.

Leo turned back, intending to retrace his steps to the Houses, but as he was passing down a street he saw two small children, very dusty, rolling outside a cottage door, and playing with a cat. They were the Twins.

"What are you doing here?" said Leo, indignant.

"Playing," said the Twins, calmly.

"Cannot you play on the banks of the Milky Way?" said Leo.

"We did," said they, "till the Fishes swam down and told us that some day they would come for us and not hurt us at all, and carry us away. So now we are playing at being babies down here. The people like it."

"Do you like it?" said Leo.

"No," said the Twins; "but there are no cats in the Milky Way," and they pulled the cat's tail thoughtfully. A woman came out of the doorway and stood behind them, and Leo saw in her face a look that he had sometimes seen in the Girl's.

"She thinks that we are foundlings," said the Twins; and they trotted in-doors to the evening meal.

Then Leo hurried as swiftly as possible to all the Houses one after another; for he could not understand the new trouble that had come to his brethren. He spoke to the Archer, and the Archer assured him that so far as that House was concerned Leo had nothing to fear. The Waterman, the Fishes, and the Sea Goat gave the same answer. They knew nothing of Leo, and cared less. They were the Houses, and they were busied in killing men.

At last he came to the very dark House where Cancer the Crab lies so still that you might think he was asleep if you did not see the ceaseless play and winnowing motion of the feathery branches round his mouth. That movement never ceases. It is like the eating of a smothered fire into rotten timber in that it is noiseless and without haste.

Leo stood in front of the Crab, and the half-darkness allowed him a glimpse of that vast blue-black back and the motionless eyes. Now and again he thought that he heard some one sobbing, but the noise was smothered.

"Why do you trouble the children of men?" said Leo. There was no answer, and against his will Leo cried: "Why do you trouble us? What have we done that you should trouble us?"

This time Cancer replied: "What do I know or care? You were born into my House, and at the appointed time I shall come for you."

"When is the appointed time?" said Leo, stepping back from the restless movement of the mouth.

"When the full moon fails to call the full tide," said the Crab, "I shall come for the one. When the other has taken the earth by the shoulders, I shall take that other by the throat."

Leo lifted his hand to the apple of his throat, moistened his lips, and recovering himself, said: "Must I be afraid for two, then?"

"For two," said the Crab; "and as many more as may come after."

"My brother the Bull had a better fate," said Leo, sullenly; "he is alone."

A hand covered his mouth before he could finish the sentence, and he found the Girl in his arms. Woman-like, she had not staid where Leo had left her, but had hastened off at once to know the worst, and passing all the other Houses, had come straight to Cancer.

"That is foolish," said the Girl, whispering. "I have been waiting in the dark for long and long before you came. *Then* I was afraid. But now—" She put her head down on his shoulder and sighed a sigh of contentment.

"I am afraid now," said Leo.

"That is on my account," said the Girl. "I know it is, because I am afraid for your sake. Let us go, husband."

They went out of the darkness together and came back to the Earth, Leo very silent, and the Girl striving to cheer him.

"My brother's fate is the better one," Leo would repeat from time to time; and at last he said: "Let us each go our own way and live alone till we die. We were born into the House of Cancer, and he will come for us."

"I know; I know. But where shall I go? And where will you sleep in the evening? But let us try. I will stay here. Do you go on."

Leo took six steps forward very slowly, and three long steps backward very quickly, and the third step set him again at the Girl's side. This time it was she who was begging him to go away and leave her, and he was forced to comfort her all through the night. That night decided them both never to leave each other for an instant, and when they had come to this decision they looked back at the darkness of the House of Cancer, high above their heads, and, with their arms round each other's neck, laughed "Ha! ha! ha!" exactly as the children of men laughed. And that was the first time in their lives that they had ever laughed.

Next morning they returned to their proper home, and saw the flowers and the sacrifices that had been laid before their doors by the villagers of the hills. Leo stamped down the fire with his heel, and the Girl flung the flower wreaths out of sight, shuddering as she did so. When the villagers returned, as of custom, to see what had become of their offerings, they found neither roses nor burned flesh on the altars, but only a man and a woman, with frightened white faces, sitting hand in hand on the altar steps.

"Are you not Virgo?" said a woman to the Girl. "I sent you flowers yesterday."

"Little sister," said the Girl, flushing to her forehead, "do not send any more flowers, for I am only a woman like yourself."

The man and the woman went away doubtfully.

"Now what shall we do?" said Leo.

"We must try to look cheerful, I think," said the Girl. "We know the very worst that can happen to us, but we do not know the best that love can bring us. We have a great deal to be glad of."

"The certainty of death?" said Leo.

"All the children of men have that certainty also; yet they laughed long before we ever knew how to laugh. We must learn to laugh, Leo. We have laughed once already."

People who consider themselves Gods, as the Children of the Zodiac did, find it very difficult to laugh, because the Immortals know nothing worth laughter or tears. Leo rose up with a very heavy heart, and he and the Girl together went to and fro among men; the fear of death behind them. First they laughed at a naked baby attempting to thrust its own fat toes into its foolish pink mouth; next they laughed at a kitten chasing her own tail; and then they laughed at a boy trying to steal a kiss from a girl, and getting his ears boxed. Lastly they laughed because the wind blew in their faces as they ran down a hill-side together, and broke panting and breathless into a knot of villagers at the bottom. The villagers laughed too, at their flying clothes and wind-reddened faces; and in the evening gave them food and invited them to a dance on the grass, where everybody laughed through the mere joy of being able to dance.

That night Leo jumped up from the Girl's side crying, "Every one of those people we met just now will die—"

"So shall we," said the Girl, sleepily. "Lie down again, dear."

Leo could not see that her face was wet with tears.

But Leo was up and far across the fields, driven forward by the fear of death for himself and for the Girl, who was dearer to him than himself. Presently he came across the Bull, drowsing in the moonlight after a hard day's work, and looking through half-shut eyes at the beautiful straight furrows that he had made.

"Ho!" said the Bull. "So you have been told these things too. Which of the Houses holds your death?"

Leo pointed upwards to the dark house of the Crab and groaned. "And he will come for the Girl too," he said.

"Well," said the Bull, "what will you do?"

Leo sat down on the dike and said that he did not know.

"You cannot pull a plough," said the Bull, with a little touch of contempt. "I can, and that prevents me from thinking of the Scorpion."

Leo was angry, and said nothing till the dawn broke, and the cultivator came to yoke the Bull to his work.

"Sing," said the Bull, as the stiff, muddy ox-bow creaked and strained. "My shoulder is galled. Sing one of the songs that we sang when we thought we were all Gods together."

Leo stepped back into the canebrake, and lifted up his voice in a song of the Children of the Zodiac—the war-whoop of the young Gods who were afraid of nothing. At first he dragged the song along unwillingly, and then the song dragged him, and his voice rolled across the fields, and the Bull stepped to the tune, and the cultivator banged his flanks out of sheer light-heartedness, and the furrows rolled away behind the plough more and more swiftly. Then the Girl came across the fields looking for Leo, and found him singing in the cane. She joined her voice to his, and the cultivator's wife brought her spinning into the open and listened with all her children round her. When it was time for the nooning, Leo and the Girl had sung themselves both thirsty and hungry, but the cultivator and his wife gave them rye bread and milk, and many thanks; and the Bull found occasion to say:

"You have helped me to do a full half field more than I should have done. But the hardest part of the day is to come, brother."

Leo wished to lie down and brood over the words of the Crab. The Girl went away to talk to the cultivator's wife and baby, and the afternoon ploughing began.

"Help us now," said the Bull. "The tides of the day are running down. My legs are very stiff. Sing, if you never sang before."

"To a mud-spattered villager?" said Leo.

"He is under the same doom as ourselves. Are you a coward?" said the Bull.

Leo flushed, and began again with a sore throat and a bad temper. Little by little he dropped away from the songs of the Children and made up a song as he went along, which was a thing he could never have done had he not met the Crab face to face. He remembered facts concerning cultivators and bullocks and rice fields that he had not particularly noticed before the interview, and he strung them all together, growing more interested as he sang, and he told the cultivator a great deal more about himself and his work than the cultivator knew. The Bull grunted approval as he toiled down the furrows for the last time that day, and the song ended, leaving the cultivator with a very good opinion of himself in his aching bones. The Girl came out of the hut, where she had been keeping the children quiet, and talking woman talk to the wife, and they all ate the evening meal together.

"Now yours must be a very pleasant life," said the cultivator; "sitting as you do on a dike all day and singing just what comes into your head. Have you been at it long, you two—gypsies?"

"Ah!" lowed the Bull from his byre. "That's all the thanks you will ever get, brother."

"No. We have only just begun it," said the Girl; "but we are going to keep to it as long as we live. Are we not, Leo?"

"Yes," said he; and they went away hand in hand.

"You can sing beautifully, Leo," said she, as a wife will to her husband.

"What were you doing?" said he.

"I was talking to the mother and the babies," said she. "You would not understand the little things that make us women laugh."

"And—and I am to go on with this—this gypsy work?" said Leo.

"Yes, dear; and I will help you."

There is no written record of the life of Leo and of the Girl, so we cannot tell how Leo took to his new employment, which he detested. We are only sure that the Girl loved him whenever and wherever he sang; even when, after the song was done, she went round with the equivalent of a tambourine and collected the pence for the daily bread. There were times, too, when it was Leo's very hard task to console the Girl for the indignity of horrible praise that people gave him and her—for the silly wagging peacock feathers that they stuck in his cap, and the buttons and pieces of cloth that they sewed on his coat. Woman-like, she could advise and help to the end, but the meanness of the means revolted her.

"What does it matter," Leo would say, "so long as the songs make them a little happier?" And they would go down the road and begin again on the old, old refrain—that whatever came or did not come the children of men must not be afraid. It was heavy teaching at first, but in process of years Leo discovered that he could make men laugh and hold them listening to him even when the rain fell. Yet there were people who would sit down and cry softly, though the crowd was yelling with delight, and they were people who maintained that Leo made them do this; and the Girl would talk to them in the pauses of the performance and do her best to comfort them. People would die, too, while Leo was talking and singing and laughing; for the Archer and the Scorpion and the Crab and the other Houses were as busy as ever. Sometimes the crowd broke, and were frightened, and Leo strove to keep them steady by telling them that this was cowardly; and sometimes they mocked at the Houses that were killing them, and Leo explained that this was even more cowardly than running away.

In their wanderings they came across the Bull, or the Ram, or the Twins, but all were too busy to do more than nod to each other across the crowd, and go on with their work. As the years rolled on even that recognition ceased, for the Children of the Zodiac had forgotten that they had ever been Gods working for the sake of men. The star Aldebaran was crusted with caked dirt on the Bull's forehead, the Ram's fleece was dusty and torn, and the Twins were only babies fighting over the cat on the door-step. It was then that Leo said, "Let us stop singing and making jokes." And it was then that the Girl said, "No." But she did not know why she said "No," so energetically. Leo maintained that it was perversity, till she herself, at the end of a dusty day, made the same suggestion to him, and he said, "Most certainly not," and they quarrelled miserably between the hedge-rows, forgetting the meaning of the stars above them. Other singers and other talkers sprang up in the course of the years, and Leo, forgetting that there could never be too many of these, hated them for dividing the applause of the children of men, which he thought ought to be all his own. The Girl would get angry too, and then the songs would be broken, and the jests fall flat for weeks to come, and the children of men would shout: "Go home, you two gypsies. Go home and learn something worth singing."

After one of these sorrowful, shameful days, the Girl, walking by Leo's side through the fields, saw the full moon coming up over the trees, and she clutched Leo's arm, crying: "The time has come now. Oh, Leo, forgive me!"

"What is it?" said Leo. He was thinking of the other singers.

"My husband!" she answered, and she laid his hand upon her breast, and the breast that he knew so well was as hard as stone. Leo groaned, remembering what the Crab had said.

"Surely we were Gods once," he cried.

"Surely we are Gods still," said the Girl. "Do you not remember when you and I went to the House of the Crab and were not very much afraid? And since then....we have forgotten what we were singing for—we sang for the pence, and, oh, we fought for them!—we, who are the Children of the Zodiac."

"It was my fault," said Leo.

"How can there be any fault of yours that is not mine too?" said the Girl. "My time has come, but you will live longer, and...." The look in her eyes said all she could not say.

"Yes, I will remember that we are Gods," said Leo.

It is very hard, even for a Child of the Zodiac who has forgotten his Godhead, to see his wife dying slowly, and to know that he cannot help her. The Girl told Leo in those last months of all that she had done among the wives and the babies at the back of the road-side performances, and Leo was astonished that he knew so little of her who had been so much to him. When she was dying she told him never to fight for pence or quarrel with the other singers; and, above all, to go on with his singing immediately after she was dead.

Then she died, and after he had buried her, he went to a village that he knew, and the people hoped that he would begin quarrelling with a new singer that had sprung up while he had been away. But Leo called him "my brother." The new singer was newly married—and Leo knew it—and when he had finished singing Leo straightened himself, and sang the Song of the Girl, which he had made coming down the road. Every man who was married, or hoped to be married, whatever his rank or color, understood that song—even the bride leaning on the new husband's arm understood it too—and presently when the song ended, and Leo's heart was bursting in him, the men sobbed. "That was a sad tale;" they said at last, "now make us laugh." Because Leo had known all the sorrow that a man could know, including the full knowledge of his own fall who had once been a God—he, changing his song quickly, made the people laugh till they could laugh no more. They went away feeling ready for any trouble in reason, and they gave Leo more peacock feathers and pence than he could count. Knowing that pence led to quarrels and that peacock's feathers were hateful to the Girl, he put them aside and went away to look for his brothers, to remind them that they too were Gods.

He found the Bull goring the undergrowth in a ditch, for the Scorpion had stung him, and he was dying, not slowly, as the Girl had died, but quickly.

"I know all," he groaned, as Leo came up. "I had forgotten too, but I remember now. Go and look at the fields I ploughed. The furrows are straight. I forgot that I was a God, but I drew the plough perfectly straight, for all that. And you, brother?"

"I am not at the end of the ploughing," said Leo. "Does death hurt?"

"No; but dying does," said the Bull, and he died. The cultivator who owned him then was much annoyed, for there was a field still unploughed.

It was after this that Leo made the Song of the Bull who had been a God and forgotten the fact, and he sang it in such a manner that half the young men in the world conceived that they too might be Gods without knowing it. A half of that half grew impossibly conceited, and died early. A half of the remainder strove to be Gods and failed, but the other half accomplished four times more work than they would have done under any other delusion.

Later, years later, always wandering up and down, and making the children of men laugh, he found the Twins sitting on the bank of a stream waiting for the Fishes to come and carry them away. They were not in the least afraid, and they told Leo that the woman of the house had a real baby of her own, and that when that baby grew old enough to be mischievous, he would find a well-educated cat waiting to have its tail pulled. Then the Fishes came for them, but all that people saw was two children drowned in a brook; and though their foster-mother was very sorry, she hugged her own real baby to her breast, and was grateful that it was only the foundlings.

Then Leo made the Song of the Twins who had forgotten that they were Gods, and had played in the dust to amuse a foster-mother. That song was sung far and wide among the women. It caused them to laugh and cry and hug their babies closer to their hearts all in one breath; and some of the women who remembered the Girl said: "Surely that is the voice of Virgo. Only she could know so much about ourselves."

After those three songs were made, Leo sang them over and over again, till he was in danger of looking upon them as so many mere words, and the people who listened grew tired, and there came back to Leo the old temptation to stop singing once and for all, and never to make another joke. But he remembered the Girl's dying words, and persisted.

One of his listeners interrupted him as he was singing. "Leo," said he, "I have heard you telling us not to be afraid for the past forty years. Can you not sing something new now?"

"No," said Leo; "it is the only song that I am allowed to sing. You must not be afraid of the Houses, even when they kill you."

The man turned to go, wearily, but there came a whistling through the air, and the arrow of the Archer was seen skimming low above the earth, pointing to the man's heart. He drew himself up, and stood still waiting till the arrow struck him.

"I die," he said, quietly. "It is well for me, Leo, that you sang for forty years."

"Are you afraid?" said Leo.

"I am a man, not a God," said the man. "I should have run away but for your songs. My work is done, and I die without making a show of my fear."

"I am very well paid," said Leo to himself. "Now that I see what my songs are doing, I will sing better ones."

He went down the road, collected his little knot of listeners, and began the Song of the Girl. In the middle of his singing he felt the cold touch of the Crab's claws on the apple of his throat. He lifted his hand, choked, and stopped for an instant.

"Sing on, Leo," said the crowd. "The old song sounds as well as ever it did."

Leo went on steadily till the end, with the cold fear at his heart. When the song was ended, he felt the grip on his throat tighten. He was old, he had lost the Girl, he knew that he was losing more than half his power to sing, he could scarcely walk to the diminishing crowds that waited for him, and could not see their faces when they stood about him. None the less, he cried angrily to the Crab,

"Why have you come for me *now?*"

"You were born under my care. How can I help coming for you?" said the Crab, wearily. Every human being that the Crab killed had asked him the same question.

"But I was just beginning to know what my songs were doing," said Leo.

"Perhaps that is why," said the Crab, and the grip tightened.

"You said you would not come till I had taken the world by the shoulders," gasped Leo, standing back.

"I always keep my word. You have done that three times, with three songs. What more do you desire?"

"Let me live to see the world know it," pleaded Leo. "Let me be sure that my songs—"

"Make men brave?" said the Crab. "Even then there would be one man who was afraid. The Girl was braver than you are. Come."

Leo was standing close to the restless, insatiable mouth. "I forgot," said he, simply. "The Girl was braver. But I am a God too, and I am not afraid."

"What is that to me?" said the Crab.

Then Leo's speech was taken from him, and he lay still, dumb, watching death till he died.

Leo was the last of the Children of the Zodiac. After his death there sprang up a breed of little mean men, whimpering and flinching and howling because the Houses killed them and theirs, and they wished to live forever without any pain. They did not increase their lives, but they increased their own torments, and there were no Children of the Zodiac to guide them, and the greater part of Leo's songs were lost.

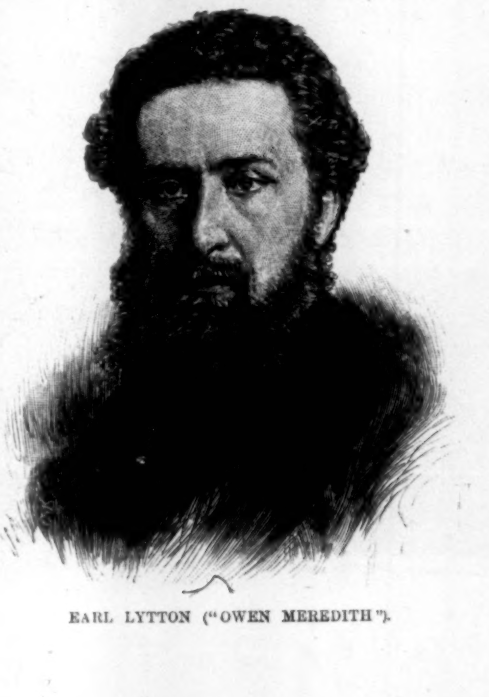
Only he had carved on the Girl's tombstone the last verse of the Song of the Girl, which runs:

"Though thou love her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dim the day,
Stealing grace from all alive,
    Heartily know
    When half Gods go
The Gods arrive."

One of the children of men, coming thousands of years later, rubbed away the lichen, read the lines, and applied them to a trouble other than the one Leo meant. Being a man, men believed that he had made the verse himself; but they belong to Leo, the Child of the Zodiac, and teach, as he taught, that what comes or does not come, we must not be afraid.

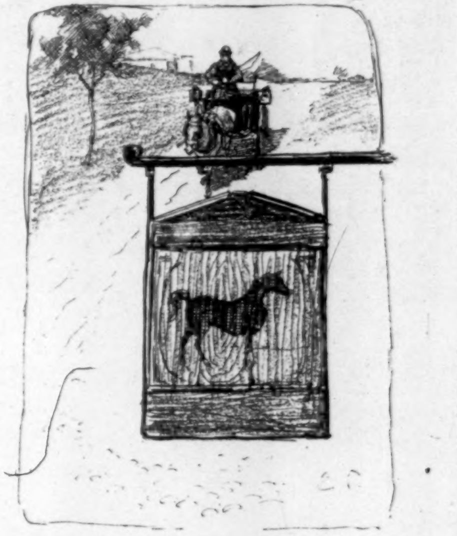
OWEN MEREDITH.

THE author of "Lucille" is dead. In America, at least, the nobleman and ambassador who concealed his rank under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, and wrote those love-poems which twenty years or so ago were read by all the young men and maidens, was known much more as a poet than in any other capacity. And although the Earl of Lytton rose to a higher rank in the peerage than any of his race had done before him, and also filled greater public posts than had been given to any of them, he was better pleased to be thought of as a man of letters than to receive consideration for the work which was his serious business in life. The first Earl of Lytton was the son of Lord Bulwer-Lytton, the celebrated novelist, who was made a Baronet in 1838 and a Baron in 1866. Every reader of Thackeray will remember the merriment which Bulwer's first social promotion excited. The son, however, went one step higher up the ladder, and was made an Earl after he had served as Viceroy in India, and had got into no end of political difficulties there. The Earl of Lytton entered the diplomatic service when he was nineteen years old, and came to Washington as an aid to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, then English Minister to the United States. This uncle, who was a man of ability, will be remembered as the person who negotiated on the part of Great Britain the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which is always alluded to when any international question arises affecting American and English interests and obligations in Central America. For more than forty years Lord Lytton has continued in the diplomatic service, and has served or represented his country in nearly all the great capitals of Europe, besides being the Governor-General of India. When he died the other day of heart-failure he was English Minister in Paris. This position he has held since the death of Lord Lyons several years ago, and it is considered the most desirable post in that branch of the English service in which his life was spent.


EARL LYTTON ("OWEN MEREDITH").

In the unfortunate quarrel between the elder Bulwer and his wife, the son who has just died took sides with his mother, but he did not quarrel with his father, with whom he always retained friendly relations, and to whom, when he himself came before the world as an author, he dedicated his best-known work, "Lucille." The Earl of Lytton, after the death of his father and mother, edited a volume of letters which spread before the world many of the details of the sad differences which had separated his parents. This was a singular lack of tact and good taste, and can only be accounted for on the ground that the son thought his father so wonderfully great that the world had a right to know all about him. But he could not have been a very tactful man at best, for the only time he was called upon to exercise his own discretion as Governor-General of India he got things into a sad mess, and the government needed to send out as his successor the ablest man in the diplomatic service, Lord Dufferin.

Personally the Earl of Lytton was a most charming man. He was accomplished, amiable, and witty, and as a society man had few if any equals in any of the European capitals. His successor in the earldom is a lad of sixteen, and has heretofore been known as Lord Knebworth.



AT THE SIGN OF THE "BLACK HORSE."*

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

WHERE the turnpike, slightly bending,
  Leaves the ancient church behind,
Like a memory unending
  Swings a sign-board in the wind.

It is old, and fashioned quaintly;
  There the "Black Horse" proudly rears;
He is seen to-day but faintly,
  And is gray with passing years.

Many are his years of labor,
  And the tavern of renown
Has departed, with its neighbor
  O'er the way, "The Rose and Crown."

At the Black Horse Inn the strangers
  Made their home—Lord Howe the host—
There the Queen's red-coated Rangers
  Met at eventide to boast.

Oftentimes each oaken rafter
  With the midnight revel rang,
Echoed back the empty laughter
  And the songs the soldiers sang.

London youths in golden glory,
  Exiles from their native shore,
Told again some London story
  That was new the year before.

There they counted not of losses,
  Sneered at glories to be won
From the hungry ragged forces
  Under General Washington.

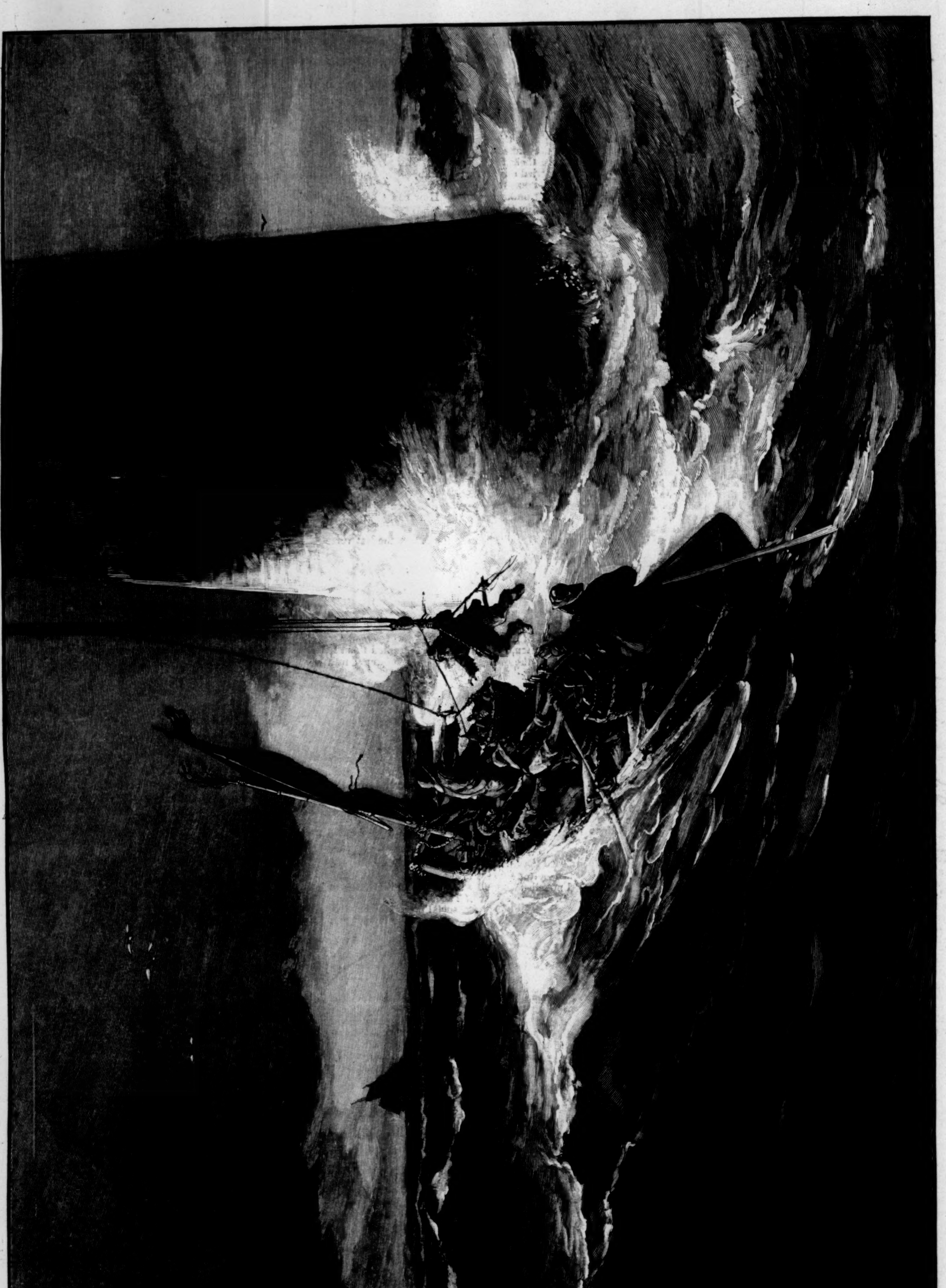
All this time the sign was swinging
  Just outside the tavern door,
Where to-day it creaketh, bringing
  Memories of days of yore,

By a veil of dreams surrounded.
  There imperturbable it stood
When they brought the captain wounded
  From the duel in the wood.

And to-day the rusty creaking,
  As it swingeth in the wind,
Seems like some old minstrel speaking
  Of the days that lie behind.

Gray with years—so old and jaded—
  Worn by wind and rain and sun,
Stands the Black Horse wellnigh faded,
  For his race is nearly run.

[*] This sign now stands on the road to the county-seat of Richmond, Staten Island. The references are historical.



THE KEEPER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.

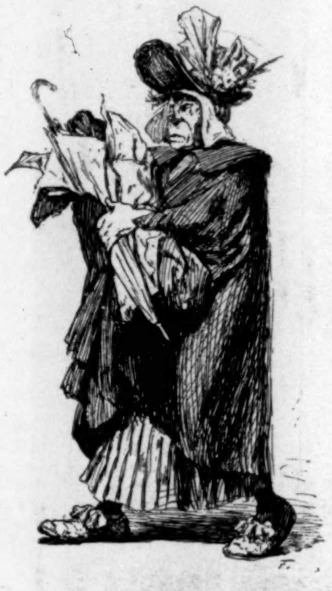
THE SPECTRE COOK OF BANGLETOP.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST.

I

FOR the purposes of this history, Bangletop Hall stands upon a grassy knoll on the left bank of the River Dee, about eighteen miles from the quaint old city of Chester. It does not in reality stand there, nor has it ever done so, but consideration for the interests of the living compels me to conceal its exact location, and so to befog the public as to its whereabouts that its identity may never be revealed to its disadvantage. It is a rentable property, and were it known that it has had a mystery connected with it of so deep, dark, and eerie a nature as that about to be related, I fear that its usefulness, save as an accessory to romance, would be seriously impaired, and that as an investment it would become practically worthless.

The hall is a fair specimen of the architecture which prevailed at the time of Edward the Confessor; that is to say, the main portion of the structure, erected in Edward's time by the first Baron Bangletop, has that square, substantial, stony aspect which to the eye versed in architecture identifies it at once as a product of that enlightened era. Later owners, the successive Barons Bangletop, have added to its original dimensions, putting Queen Anne wings here, Elizabethan ells there, and an Italian Renaissance façade on the river front. A Wisconsin water tower, connected with the main building by a low Gothic alleyway, stands to the south; while toward the east is a Greek chapel, used by the present occupant as a store room for his wife's trunks, she having lately returned from Paris with a wardrobe calculated to last through the first half of the coming London season. Altogether Bangletop Hall is an impressive structure, and at first sight gives rise to various emotions in the æsthetic breast—some cavil, others admire. One leading architect of Berlin travelled all the way from his German home to Bangletop Hall to show that famous structure to his son, a student in the profession which his father adorned; to whom he is said to have observed that, architecturally, Bangletop Hall was "cosmopolitan and omniperiodic, and therefore a liberal education to all who should come to study and master its details." In short, Bangletop Hall was an object-lesson to young architects, and showed them at a glance that which they should ever strive to avoid.



A DEPARTING COOK.

Strange to say, for quite two centuries had Bangletop Hall remained without a tenant, and for nearly seventy-five years it had been in the market for rent, the barons, father and son, for many generations having found it impossible to dwell within its walls, and for a very good reason: no cook could ever be induced to live at Bangletop for a longer period than two weeks. Why the queens of the kitchen invariably took what is commonly known as French leave no occupant could ever learn, because, male or female, the departed domestics never returned to tell, and even had they done so, the pride of the Bangletops would not have permitted them to listen to the explanation. The Bangletop escutcheon was clear of blots, no suspicion even of a conversational blemish appearing thereon, and it was always a matter of extreme satisfaction to the family that no one of its scions since the title was created had ever been known to speak directly to any one of lesser rank than himself, communication with inferiors being always had through the medium of a private secretary, himself a baron, or better, in reduced circumstances.

The first cook to leave Bangletop under circumstances of a Gallic nature—that is, without known cause, wages, or luggage—had been employed by Fitzherbert Alexander, seventeenth Baron of Bangletop, through Charles Mortimor de Herbert, Baron Peddlington, formerly of Peddlington Manor at Dunwoodie-on-the-Hike, his private secretary, a handsome old gentleman of sixty-five, who had been deprived of his estates by the crown in 1629 because he was suspected of having inspired a comic broadside published in those troublous days, and directed against Charles the First, which had set all London in a roar.

This broadside, one of very few which are not preserved in the British Museum—and a greater tribute to its rarity could not be devised—was called, "A Good Suggestion as to ye Proper Use of ye Chinne Whisker," and consisted of a few lines of doggerel printed beneath a caricature of the King, with the crown hanging from his goatee, reading as follows:

"Ye King doth sporte a gallous grey goatee
Uponne ye chinne, where every one may see.
And since ye Monarch's head's too small to holde
With comfort to himselfe ye crowne of gold,
Why not enwax and hooke ye goatee rare,
And lette ye British crown hang down from there?"

Whether the Baron of Peddlington was guilty of this traitorous effusion no one, not even the King, could ever really make up his mind. The charge was never fully proven, nor was De Herbert ever able to refute it successfully, although he made frantic efforts to do so. The King, eminently just in such matters, gave the Baron the benefit of the doubt, and inflicted only half the penalty prescribed, confiscating his estates, and letting him keep his head and liberty. De Herbert's family begged the crown to reverse the sentence, permitting them to keep the estates, the King taking their uncle's head in lieu thereof, he being unmarried and having no children who would mourn his loss. But Charles was poor rather than vindictive at this period, and preferring to adopt the other course, turned a deaf ear to the petitioners. This was probably one of the earliest factors in the decadence of literature as a pastime for men of high station.

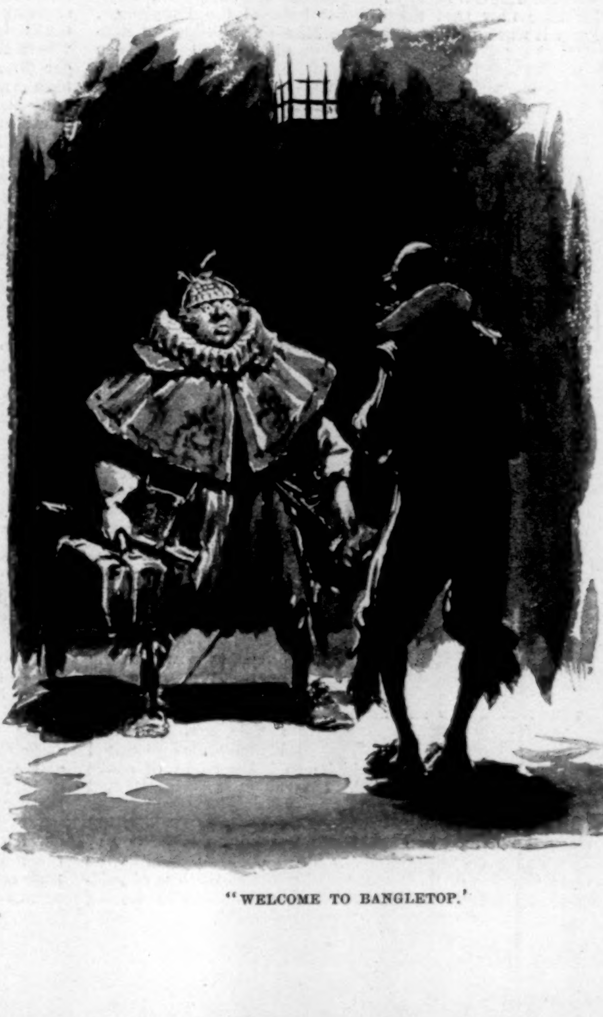
De Herbert would have starved had it not been for his old friend Baron Bangletop, who offered him the post of private secretary, lately made vacant by the death of the Duke of Algeria, who had been the incumbent of that office for ten years, and in a short time the Baron of Peddlington was in full charge of the domestic arrangements of his friend. It was far from easy, the work that devolved upon him. He was a proud, haughty man, used to luxury of every sort, to whom contact with those who serve was truly distasteful; to whom the necessity of himself serving was most galling; but he had the manliness to face the hardships Fate had put upon him, particularly when he realized that Baron Bangletop's attitude toward servants was such that he could with impunity impose on the latter seven indignities for every one that was imposed on him. Misery loves company, particularly when she is herself the hostess, and can give generously of her stores to others.

Desiring to retrieve his fallen fortunes, the Baron of Peddlington offered large salaries to those whom he employed to serve in the Bangletop *ménage*, and on pay-day, through an ingenious system of fines, managed to retain almost seventy-five per cent. of the funds for his own use. Of this Baron Bangletop, of course, could know nothing. He was aware that under De Herbert the running expenses of his household were nearly twice what they had been under the dusky Duke of Algeria, but he also observed that repairs to the property, for which the late Duke had annually paid out several thousands of pounds sterling, with very little to show for it, now cost him as many hundreds with no fewer tangible results. So he winked his eye—the only unaristocratic habit he had, by-the-way—and said nothing. The revenue was large enough, he had been known to say, to support himself and all his relatives in state, with enough left over to satisfy even Ali Baba and the forty thieves.

Had he foreseen the results of his complacency in financial matters, I doubt if he would have persisted therein.

For some ten years under De Herbert's management everything went smoothly and expensively for the Bangletop Hall people, and then there came a change. The Baron Bangletop rang for his breakfast one morning, and his breakfast was not. The cook had disappeared. Whither or why she had gone, the private secretary professed to be unable to say. That she could easily be replaced, he was certain. Equally certain was it that Baron Bangletop stormed and raved for two hours, ate a cold breakfast—a thing he never had been known to do before—and then departed for London to dine at the club until Peddlington had secured a successor to the departed cook, which the private secretary succeeded in doing within three days. The Baron was informed of his manager's success, and at the end of a week returned to Bangletop Hall, arriving there late on a Saturday night, hungry as a bear, and not too amiable, the King having negotiated a forcible loan with him during his sojourn in the metropolis.

"Welcome to Bangletop, Baron," said De Herbert, uneasily, as his employer alighted from his coach.

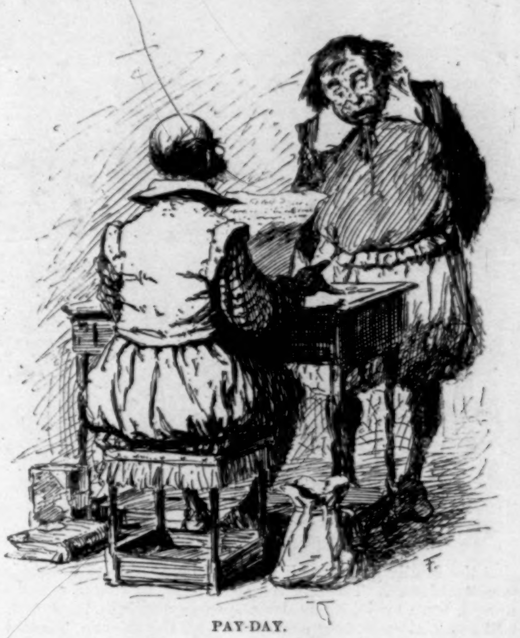


"WELCOME TO BANGLETOP."

"Blast your welcome, and serve the dinner," returned the Baron, with a somewhat ill grace.

At this the private secretary seemed much embarrassed. "Ahem!" he said. "I'll be very glad to have the dinner served, my dear Baron, but the fact is I—er—I have been unable to provide anything but canned lobster and apples."

"What, in the name of Chaucer, does this mean?" roared Bangletop, who was a great admirer of the father of English poetry; chiefly because, as he was wont to say, Chaucer showed that a bad speller could be a great man, which was a condition of affairs exactly suited to his mind, since in the science of orthography he was weak, like most of the aristocrats of his day. "I thought you sent me word you had a cook?"



PAY-DAY.

"Yes, Baron, I did; but the fact of the matter is, sir, she left us last night, or, rather, early this morning."

"Another one of your beautiful Parisian exits, I presume?" sneered the Baron, tapping the floor angrily with his toe.

"Well, yes, somewhat so; only she got her money first."

"Money!" shrieked the Baron. "Money! Why in Liverpool did she get her money? What did we owe her money for? Rent?"

"No, Baron; for services. She cooked three dinners."

"Well, you'll pay the bill out of your perquisites, that's all. She's done no cooking for me, and she gets no pay from me. Why do you think she left?"

"She said—"

"Never mind what she said, sir," cried Bangletop, cutting De Herbert short. "When I am interested in the table-talk of cooks, I'll let you know. What I wish to hear is what do *you* think was the cause of her leaving?"

"I have no opinion on the subject," replied the private secretary, with becoming dignity. "I only know that at four o'clock this morning she knocked at my door, and demanded her wages for four days, and vowed she'd stay no longer in the house."

"And why, pray, did you not inform me of the fact, instead of having me travel away down here from London?" queried Bangletop.

"You forget, Baron," replied De Herbert, with a deprecatory gesture—"you forget that there is no system of telegraphy by which you could be reached. I may be poor, sir, but I'm just as much of a Baron as you are, and I will take the liberty of saying right here, in what would be the shadow of your beard, if you had one, sir, that a man who insists on receiving cable messages when no such things exist is rather rushing business."

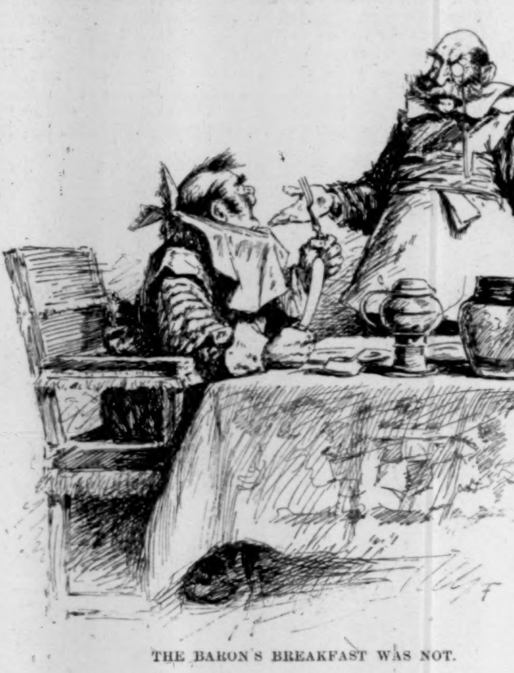
"Pardon my haste, Peddlington, old chap," returned the Baron, softening. "You are quite right. My desire was unreasonable; but I swear to you, by all my ancestral Bangletops, that I am hungry as a pit full of bears, and if there's one thing I can't eat, it is lobster and apples. Can't you scare up a snack of bread and cheese and a little cold larded fillet? If you'll supply the fillet, I'll provide the cold."

At this sally the Baron of Peddlington laughed, and the quarrel was over. But none the less the master of Bangletop went to bed hungry; nor could he do any better in the morning at breakfast-time. The butler had not been trained to cook, and the coachman's art had once been tried on a boiled egg, which no one had been able to open, much less eat, and as it was the parlor-maid's Sunday off, there was absolutely no one in the house who could prepare a meal. The Baron of Bangletop had a sort of sneaking notion that if there were nobody around he could have managed the spit or gridiron himself; but, of course, in view of his position, he could not make the attempt. And so he once more returned to London, and vowed never to set his foot within the walls of Bangletop Hall again until his ancestral home was provided with a cook "copper-fastened and riveted to her position."

And Bangletop Hall from that time was as a place deserted. The Baron never returned, because he could not return without violating his oath; for De Herbert was not able to obtain a cook for the Bangletop cuisine who would stay, nor was any one able to discover why. Cook after cook came, staid a day, a week, and one or two held on for two weeks, but never longer.

Their course was invariably the same—they would leave without notice; nor could any inducement be offered which would persuade them to remain. The Baron of Peddlington became, first round-shouldered, then deaf, and then insane in his search for a permanent cook, landing finally in an asylum, where he died, four years after the demise of his employer in London, of softening of the brain. His last words were, "Why did you leave your last place?"

And so time went on. Barons of Bangletop were born, educated, and died. Dynasties rose and fell, but Bangletop Hall remained uninhabited, although it was not until 1799 that the family gave up all hopes of being able to use their ancestral home. Tremendous alterations, as I have already hinted, were made. The drainage was carefully inspected, and a special apartment connected with the kitchen, finished in hard-wood, handsomely decorated, and hung with rich tapestries, was provided for the cook, in the vain hope that she might be induced permanently to occupy her position. The Queen Anne wing and Elizabethan ell were constructed, the latter to provide bowling-alleys and smoking-rooms for the probable cousins of possible culinary queens, and many there were who accepted the office with alacrity, throwing it up with still greater alacrity before the usual fortnight passed. Then the Bangletops saw clearly that it was impossible for them to live there, and moving away, the house was announced to be "for rent, with all modern improvements, conveniently located, spacious grounds, especially adapted to the use of those who do their own cooking." The last clause of the announcement puzzled a great many people, who went to see the mansion for no other reason than to ascertain just what the announcement meant, and the line, which was inserted in a pure spirit of facetious bravado, was probably the cause of the mansion's quickly renting, as hardly a month had passed before it was leased for one year by a retired London brewer, whose wife's curiosity had been so excited by the strange wording of the advertisement that she travelled out to Bangletop to gratify it, fell in love with the place, and insisted upon her husband's taking it for a season. The luck of the brewer and his wife was no better than that of the Bangletops. Their cooks—and they had fourteen during their stay there—fled after an average service of four days apiece, and later the tenants themselves were forced to give up and return to London, where they told their friends that the "'all was 'aunted," which might have filled the Bangletops with concern had they heard of it. They did not hear of it, however, for they and their friends did not know the brewer and the brewer's friends, and as for complaining to the Bangletop agent in the matter, the worthy beer-maker thought he would better not do that, because he had hopes of being knighted some day, and he did not wish to antagonize so illustrious a family as the Bangletops by running down their famous hall—an antagonism which might materially affect the chances of himself and his good wife when they came to knock at the doors of London society. The lease was allowed to run its course, the rent was paid when due, and at the end of the stipulated term Bangletop Hall was once more on the list for rent.


THE BARON'S BREAKFAST WAS NOT.

II.

For fourscore years and ten did the same hard fortune pursue the owners of Bangletop. Additions to the property were made immediately upon request of possible lessees. The Greek chapel was constructed in 1868 at the mere suggestion of a Hellenic Prince, who came to England to write a history of the American rebellion, finding the information in back files of British newspapers exactly suited to the purposes of picturesque narrative, and no more misleading than most home-made history. Bangletop was retired, "far from the gadding crowd," as the Prince put it, and therefore just the place in which a historian of the romantic school might produce his *magnum opus* without disturbance; the only objection being that there was no place whither the eminently Christian sojourner could go to worship according to his faith, he being a communicant in the Greek Church. This defect Baron Bangletop immediately remedied by erecting and endowing the chapel, and his youngest son, having been found too delicate morally for the army, was appointed to the living and placed in charge of the chapel, having first embraced with considerable ardor the faith upon which the soul of the princely tenant was wont to feed. All of these improvements—chapel, priest, the latter's change of faith, and all—the Bangletop agent put at the exceedingly low sum of forty-two guineas per annum and board for the priest; an offer which the Prince at once accepted, stipulating, however, that the lease should be terminable at any time he or his landlord should see fit. Against this the agent fought nobly, but without avail. The Prince had heard rumors about the cooks of Bangletop, and he was wary. Finally the stipulation was accepted by the Baron, with what result the reader need hardly be told. The Prince staid two weeks, listened to one sermon in classic university Greek by the youthful Bangletop, was deserted by his cook, and moved away.

After the departure of the Prince the estate was neglected for nearly twenty-two years, the owner having made up his mind that the case was hopeless. At the end of that period there came from the United States a wealthy shoemaker, Hankinson J. Terwilliger by name, chief owner of the Terwilliger Three-dollar Shoe Company (Limited), of Soleton, Massachusetts, and to him was leased Bangletop Hall, with all its rights and appurtenances, for a term of five years. Mr. Terwilliger was the first applicant for the hall as a dwelling to whom the agent, at the instance of the Baron, spoke in a spirit of absolute candor. The Baron was well on in years, and he did not feel like getting into trouble with a Yankee, so he said, at his time of life. The hall had been a thorn in his flesh all his days, and he didn't care if it was never occupied, and therefore he wished nothing concealed from a prospective tenant. It was the agent's candor more than anything else that induced Mr. Terwilliger to close with him for the term of five years. He suspected that the Bangletops did not want him for a tenant, and from the moment that notion entered his head, he was resolved that he would be a tenant.

"I'm as good a man as any baron that ever lived," he said; "and if it pleases Hankinson J. Terwilliger to live in a baronial hall, a baronial hall is where Hankinson J. Terwilliger puts up."

"We certainly have none of the feeling which your words seem to attribute to us, my dear sir," the agent had answered. "Baron Bangletop would feel highly honored to have so distinguished a sojourner in England as yourself occupy his estate, but he does not wish you to take it without fully understanding the circumstances. Desirable as Bangletop Hall is, it seems fated to be unoccupied because it is thought to be haunted, or something of that sort, the effect of which is to drive away cooks, and without cooks life is hardly an ideal."

Mr. Terwilliger laughed. "Ghosts and me are not afraid of each other," he said. "'Let 'em haunt,' I say; and as for cooks, Mrs. H. J. T. hasn't had a liberal education for nothing. We could live if all the cooks in creation were to go off in a whiff. We have daughters too, we have. Good smart American girls, who can adorn a palace or grace a hut on demand, not afraid of poverty, and able to take care of good round dollars. They can play the piano all the morning and cook dinner all the afternoon if they're called on to do it; so your difficulties ain't my difficulties. I'll take the hall at your figures; term, five years; and if the Baron 'll come down and spend a month with us at any time, I don't care when, we'll show him what a big lap Luxury can get up when she tries."

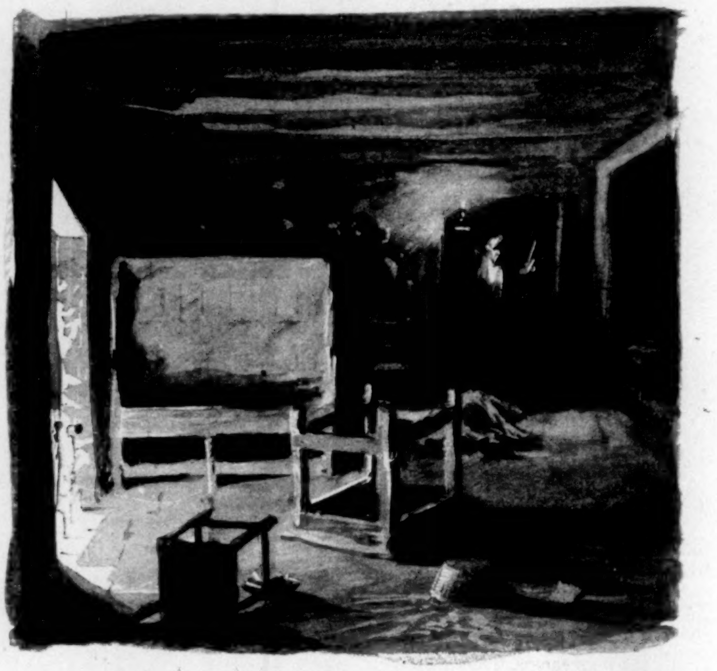
And so it happened. The New York papers announced that Hankinson J. Terwilliger, Mrs. Terwilliger, the Misses Terwilliger, and Master Hankinson J. Terwilliger, Jun., of Soleton, Massachusetts, had plunged into the dizzy whirl of English society, and that the sole of the three-dollar shoe now trod the baronial halls of the Bangletops. Later it was announced that the Misses Terwilliger, of Bangletop Hall, had been presented to the Queen; that the Terwilligers had entertained the Prince of Wales at Bangletop; in fact, the Terwilligers became an important factor in the letters of all foreign correspondents of American papers, for the president of the Terwilliger Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleton, Massachusetts (Limited), was now in full possession of the historic mansion, and was living up to his surroundings.

TERWILLIGER TO THE RESCUE.

For a time everything was plain sailing for the Americans at Bangletop. The dire forebodings of the agent did not seem to be fulfilled, and Mr. Terwilliger was beginning to feel aggrieved. He had hired a house with a ghost, and he wanted the use of it; but when he reflected upon the consequences belowstairs, he held his peace. He was not so sure, after he had staid at Bangletop awhile, and had had his daughters presented to the Queen, that he could be so independent of cooks as he had at first supposed. Several times he had hinted rather broadly that some of the old New England home-made flap-jacks would be most pleasing to his palate; but since the Prince had spent an afternoon on the lawn of Bangletop, the young ladies seemed deeply pained at the mere mention of their accomplishments in the line of griddles and batter, nor could Mrs. Terwilliger, after having tasted the joys of aristocratic life, bring herself to don the apron which so became her portly person in the early American days, and prepare for her lord and master one of those delicious platters of poached eggs and breakfast bacon, the mere memory of which made his mouth water. In short, palatial surroundings had too obviously destroyed in his wife and daughters all that capacity for happiness in a hovel of which Mr. Terwilliger had been so proud, and concerning which he had so eloquently spoken to Baron Bangletop's agent, and he now found himself in the position of Damocles. The hall was leased for a term, entertainment had been provided for the county with lavish hand, but success was dependent entirely upon his ability to keep a cook, his family having departed from their republican principles, and the history of the house was dead against a successful issue. So he decided that, after all, it was better that the ghost should be allowed to remain quiescent, and he uttered no word of complaint.

It was just as well, too, that Mr. Terwilliger held his peace, and refrained from addressing a complaining missive to the agent of Bangletop Hall; for before a message of that nature could have reached the person addressed, its contents would have been misleading, for at a quarter after midnight on the morning of the date set for the first of a series of grand banquets to the county folk, there came from the kitchen of Bangletop Hall a quick succession of shrieks that sent the three Misses Terwilliger into hysterics, and caused Hankinson J. Terwilliger's sole remaining lock to stand erect. Mrs. Terwilliger did not hear the shrieks, owing to a lately acquired habit of hearing nothing that proceeded from belowstairs.

The first impulse of Terwilliger *père* was to dive down under the bedclothes, and endeavor to drown the fearful sound by his own labored breathing, but he never yielded to first impulses. So he awaited the second, which came simultaneously with a second series of shrieks and a cry for help in the unmistakable voice of the cook; a lady, by-the-way, who had followed the Terwilliger fortunes ever since the Terwilligers began to have fortunes, and whose first capacity in the family had been the dual one of mistress of the kitchen and confidante of madame. The second impulse was to arise in his might, put on a stout pair of the Terwilliger three-dollar brogans—the strongest shoe made, having been especially devised for the British Infantry in the Soudan—and garments suitable to the occasion, namely, a mackintosh and pair of broadcloth trousers, and go to the rescue of the distressed domestic. This Hankinson J. Terwilliger at once proceeded to do, arming himself with a pair of horse-pistols, murmuring on the way below a soft prayer, the only one he knew, and which, with singular inappropriateness on this occasion, began with the words, "Now I lay me down to sleep."


"COOK!" HE WHISPERED.

"What's the matter, Judson?" queried Mrs. Terwilliger, drowsily, as she opened her eyes and saw her husband preparing for the fray.

She no longer called him Hankinson, not because she did not think it a good name, nor was it less euphonious to her ear than Judson, but Judson was Mr. Terwilliger's middle name, and middle names were quite the thing, she had observed, in the best circles. It was doubtless due to this discovery that her visiting cards had been engraved to read, "Mrs. H. Judson-Terwilliger," the hyphen presumably being a typographical error, for which the engraver was responsible.

"Matter enough," growled Hankinson. "I have reason to believe that that jackass of a ghost is on duty to-night."

At the word ghost a pseudo-aristocratic shriek pervaded the atmosphere, and Mrs. Terwilliger, forgetting her social position for a moment, groaned, "Oh, Hank!" and swooned away. And then the president of the Terwilliger Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleton, Massachusetts (Limited), descended to the kitchen.

Across the sill of the kitchen door lay the culinary treasure whose lobster croquettes the Prince of Wales had likened unto a dream of Lucullus. Within the kitchen were signs of disorder. Chairs were upset; the table was lying flat on its back, with its four legs held rigidly up in the air; the kitchen library, consisting of a copy of *Marie Antoinette's Dream-Book;* a yellow-covered novel bearing the title *Little Lucy, or the Kitchen-maid who became a Marchioness;* and *Sixty Soups, by One who Knows*, lay strewn about the room, the *Dream-Book* sadly torn, and *Little Lucy* disfigured forever with cake batter. Even to the unpractised eye it was evident that something had happened, and Mr. Terwilliger felt a cold chill mounting his spine three sections at a time. Whether it was the chill or his concern for the prostrate cook that was responsible or not I cannot say, but for some cause or other Mr. Terwilliger immediately got down on his knees, in which position he gazed fearfully about him for a few minutes, and then timidly remarked, "Cook!"

There was no answer.

"Mary, I say. Cook," he whispered, "what the deuce is the meaning of all this?"

A low moan was all that came from the cook, nor would Hankinson have listened to more had there been more to hear, for simultaneously with the moan he became uncomfortably conscious of a presence. In trying to describe it afterwards, Hankinson said that at first he thought a cold draught from a dank cavern filled with a million eels, and a rattlesnake or two thrown in for luck, was blowing over him, and he avowed that it was anything but pleasant; and then it seemed to change into a mist drawn largely from a stagnant pool in a malarial country, floating through which were great quantities of finely chopped sea-weed, wet hair, and an indescribable atmosphere of something the chief quality of which was a sort of stale clamminess that was awful in its intensity.

THE PRESENCE HAD ASSUMED SHAPE.

"I'm glad," Mr. Terwilliger murmured to himself, "that I ain't one of those delicately reared nobles. If I had anything less than a right-down regular republican constitution I'd die of fright."

And then his natural grit came to his rescue, and it was well it did, for the presence had assumed shape, and now sat on the window-ledge in the form of a hag, glaring at him from out of the depths of her unfathomable eyes, in which, despite their deadly greenness, there lurked a tinge of red caused by small specks of that hue semi-occasionally seen floating across her dilated pupils.

"You are the Bangletop ghost, I presume?" said Terwilliger, rising and standing near the fire to thaw out his system.

The spectre made no reply, but pointed to the door.

"Yes," Terwilliger said, as if answering a question. "That's the way out, madame. It's a beautiful exit, too. Just try it."

"H'I knows the way hout," returned the spectre, rising and approaching the tenant of Bangletop, whose solitary lock also rose, being too polite to remain seated while the ghost walked. "H'I also knows the way hin, 'Ankinson Judson Terwilliger."

"That's very evident, madame, and between you and me I wish you didn't," returned Hankinson, somewhat relieved to hear the ghost talk, even if her voice did sound like the roar of a conch-shell with a bad case of grip. "I may say to you that aside from a certain uncanny satisfaction which I feel at being permitted for the first time in my life to gaze upon the lineaments of a real live misty musty spook, I regard your coming here as an invasion of the sacred rights of privacy which is, as you might say, 'hinexcusable.'"

"Hinvasion?" retorted the ghost, snapping her fingers in his face with such effect that his chin dripped for the next five minutes. "Hinvasion? H'I'd like to know 'oo's the hinvader. H'I've hoccupied these 'ere 'alls for hover two 'undred years."

"Then it's time you moved, unless perchance you are the ghost of a mediæval porker," Hankinson said, his calmness returning now that he had succeeded in plastering his iron gray lock across the top of his otherwise bald head. "Of course if you are a spook of that kind, you want the earth, and maybe you'll get it."

"H'I'm no pig," returned the spectre, indignantly. "H'I'm simply the shade of a poor habused cook 'oo's hafter revenge."

"Ah!" ejaculated Terwilliger, raising his eyebrows, "this is getting interesting. You're a spook with a grievance, eh? Against me? I've never wronged a ghost that I know of."

"No, h'I've no 'ard feelinks against you, sir," answered the ghost. "Hin fact h'I don't know nothink about you. My trouble his with the Bangletops, and h'I'm a-pursuin' of 'em. H'I've cut 'em hout of nearly two 'undred years of rent 'ere. They might better 'ave paid me me waiges hin full."

"Oho!" cried Terwilliger; "it's a question of wages, is it? The Bangletops were hard up?"

"'Ard up? The Bangletops?" laughed the ghost. "When they gets 'ard hup the Bank of Hengland will be in hall the sixty soups mentioned in that book."

"You seem to be up in the vernacular," returned Terwilliger, with a smile. "I'll bet you are an old fraud of a modern ghost."

Here he discharged all six chambers of his pistol into the body of the spectre.

"No takers," retorted the ghost, as the bullets whistled through her chest, and struck deep into the wall on the other side of the kitchen. "That's a noisy gun you've got, but you carn't lay a ghost with cold lead hany more than you can lay a corner-stone with a chicken. H'I'm 'ere to stay until h'I gets me waiges."

"What was the amount of your wages due at the time of your discharge?" asked Hankinson.

"H'I was gettin' ten pounds a month," returned the spectre.

"Geewhittaker!" cried Terwilliger, "you must have been an alfired fine cook."

"H'I was," assented the ghost, with a proud smile. "H'I cooked a boar's 'ead for 'is Royal 'Ighness King Charles when 'e visited Bangletop 'All as which was the finest 'e hever tasted, so 'e said, hand 'e'd 'ave knighted me hon the spot honly me sex wasn't suited to the title. 'You can't make a knight hout of a woman,' says the King, 'but give 'er my compliments, and tell 'er 'er monarch says as 'ow she's a cook as is too good for 'er staition.'"

"That was very nice," said Terwilliger. "No one could have desired a higher recommendation than that."

"My words hexactly when the Baron's private secretary told me two days later as 'ow the Baron's heggs wasn't done proper," said the ghost. "H'I says to him: 'The Baron's heggs be blowed. My monarch's hopinion is worth two of any ten Barons's livin', and Mister Bangletop (h'I allus called 'im mister when 'e was ugly) can get 'is heggs cooked helsewhere if 'e don't like the way h'I boils 'em.' Hand what do you suppose the secretary said then?"

"I give it up," replied Terwilliger. "What?"

"'E said as 'ow h'I 'ad the big 'ead."

"How disgusting of him!" murmured Terwilliger. "That was simply low."

"Hand then 'e accuged me of being himpudent."

"No!"

"'E did, hindeed; hand then 'e discharged me without me waiges. Hof course h'I wouldn't stay hafter that; but h'I says to 'im, 'Hif h'I don't get me pay, h'I'll 'aunt this place from the day of me death'; hand 'e says, ''aunt away.'"

"And you have kept your word."

"H'I 'ave that, hand h'I've made it 'ot for 'em."

"Well, now, look here," said Terwilliger, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you your wages if you'll go back to Spookland and mind your own business. Ten pounds isn't much when three-dollar shoes cost fifteen cents a pair and sell like hot waffles. Is it a bargain?"

"H'I was sent off with three months' money owin' me," said the ghost.

"Well, call it thirty pounds then," replied Terwilliger.

"With hinterest—compound hinterest hat six per cent.—for two 'undred hand thirty years," said the ghost.

"Phew!" whistled Terwilliger. "Have you any idea how much money that is?"

"Certainly," replied the ghost. "Hit's just 63,609,609 pounds 6 shillings 4½ pence. When h'I gets that, h'I flies; huntil h'I gets it h'I stays hand h'I 'aunts."

"Say," said Terwilliger, "haven't you been chumming with an Italian ghost named Shylock over on the other shore?"

"Shylock?" said the ghost. "No, h'I've never 'eard the name. Perhaps 'e's stopping at the hother place."

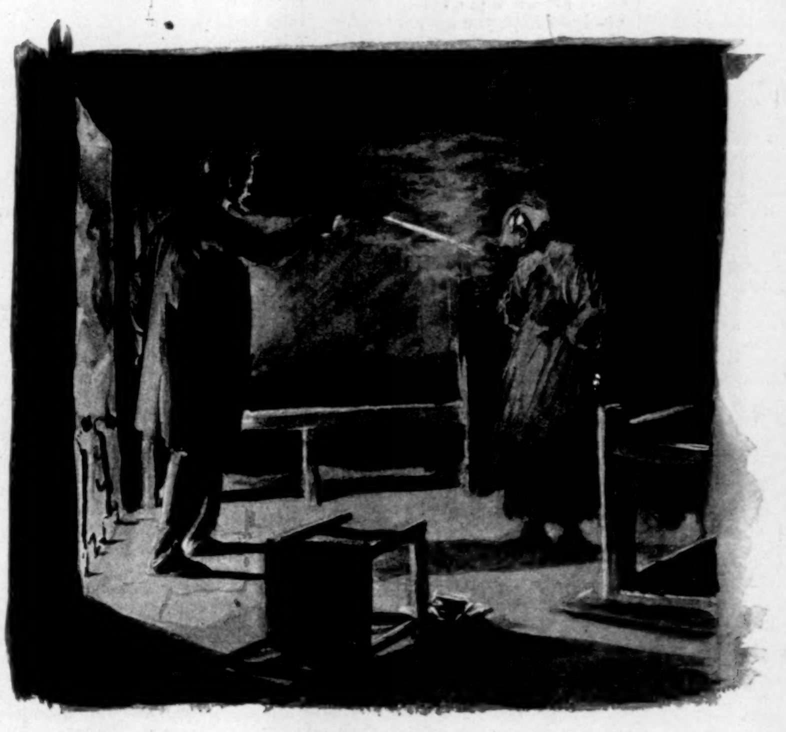
"Very likely," said Terwilliger. "He is an eminent saint alongside of you. But I say now, Mrs. Spook, or whatever your name is, this is rubbing it in, to try to collect as much money as that, particularly from me, who wasn't to blame in any way, and on whom you haven't the spook of a claim."

"H'I'm very sorry for you, Mr. Terwilliger," said the ghost. "But my vow must be kept sacrid."

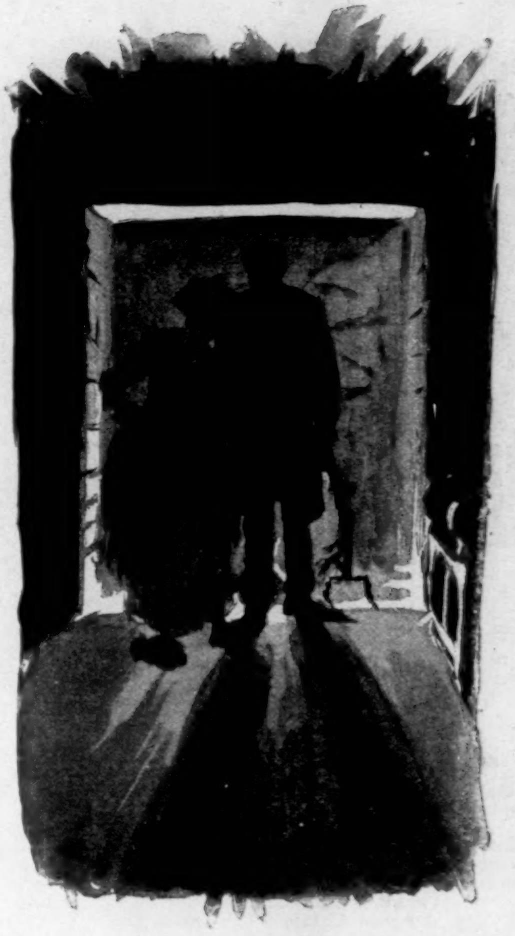
"But why don't you light on the Bangletops up in London, and squeeze it out of them?"

"H'I carn't. H'I'm bound to 'aunt this 'all, and that's hall there his about it. H'I carn't find a better way to lay them Bangletops low than by attachin' of their hincome, hand the rent of this 'all is the honly bit of hincome within my reach."

"But I've leased the place for five years," said Terwilliger, in despair; "and I've paid the rent in advance."



"NO TAKERS," RETORTED THE GHOST.



THEY SHOOK HANDS AND PARTED.

"Carn't 'elp it," returned the ghost. "Hif you did that, hit's your own fault."

"I wouldn't have done it, except to advertise my shoe business," said Terwilliger, ruefully. "The items in the papers at home that arise from my occupancy of this house, together with the social cinch it gives me, are worth the money, but I'm hanged if it's worth my while to pay back salaries to every grasping apparition that chooses to rise up out of the moat and dip his or her clammy hand into my surplus. The shoe trade is a blooming big thing, but the profits aren't big enough to divide with tramp ghosts."

"Your tone is very 'aughty, 'Ankinson J. Terwilliger, but hit doesn't haffect me. H'I don't care 'oo pays the money, hand h'I 'aven't got you into this scrape. You've done that yourself. Hon the hother 'and, sir, h'I've showed you 'ow to get hout of it."

"Well, perhaps you're right," returned Hankinson. "I can't say I blame you for not perjuring yourself, particularly since you've been dead long enough to have discovered what the probable consequences would be. But I do wish there was some other way out of it. *I* couldn't pay you all that money without losing a controlling interest in the shoe company, and that's hardly worth my while, now is it?"

"No, Mr. Terwilliger; hit is not."

"I have a scheme," said Hankinson, after a moment or two of deep thought. "Why don't you go back to the spirit world and expose the Bangletops there? They have spooks, haven't they?"

"Yes," replied the ghost, sadly. "But the spirit world his as bad as this. The spook of a cook carn't reach a spook of a baron there hany more than a scullery-maid can reach a markis 'ere. H'I tried that when the Baron died and came over to the hother world, but 'e 'ad 'is spook flunkies on 'and to tell me 'e was hout-drivin' with the ghost of William the Conqueror and the shade of Solomon. H'I knew 'e wasn't, but what could h'I do?"

"It was a mean game of bluff," said Terwilliger. "I suppose, though, if you were the shade of a duchess, you could simply knock Bangletop silly?"

"Yes, and the Baron of-Peddlington too. 'E was the private secretary as said h'I 'ad the big 'ead."

"H'm!" said Terwilliger, meditatively. "Would you—er—would you consent to retire from this haunting business of yours, and give me a receipt for that bill for wages, interest and all, if I had you made over into the spook of a duchess? Revenge is sweet, you know, and there are some revenges that are simply a thousand times more balmy than riches."

"Would h'I?" ejaculated the ghost, rising and looking at the clock. "Would h'I?" she repeated. "Well, rather. If h'I could henter spook society as a duchess, you can wager a year's hincome hon it that the Bangletops wouldn't be hin it."

"Good! I am glad to see that you are a spook of spirit. If you had veins, I believe there 'd be sporting blood in them."

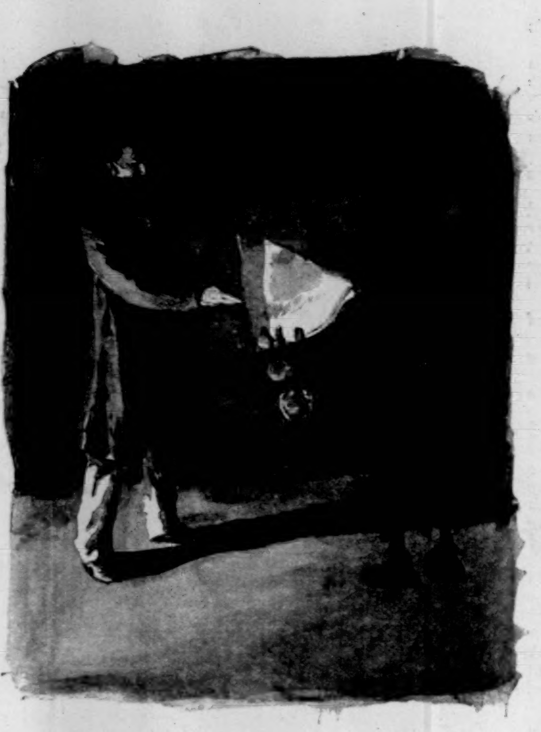
"Thainks," said the ghost, dryly. "But 'ow can it hever be did?"

"Leave that to me," Terwilliger answered. "We'll call a truce for two weeks, at the end of which time you must come back here, and we'll settle on the final arrangements. Keep your own counsel in the matter, and don't breathe a word about your intentions to anybody. Above all, keep sober."

"H'I'm no cannibal," retorted the ghost.

"Who said you were?" asked Terwilliger.

"You intimated as much," said the ghost, with a smile. "You said as 'ow h'I must



"A DUKE IS A DUKE THE WORLD OVER."

keep sober, and 'ow could h'I do hotherwise hunless h'I swallered some spirits?"

Terwilliger laughed. He thought it was a pretty good joke for a ghost—especially a cook's ghost—and then, having agreed on the hour of midnight one fortnight thence for the next meeting, they shook hands and parted.

"What was it, Hankinson?" asked Mrs. Terwilliger, as her husband crawled back into bed. "Burglars?"

"Not a burglar," returned Hankinson. "Nothing but a ghost—a poor, old, female ghost."

"Ghost!" cried Mrs. Terwilliger, trembling with fright. "In this house?"

"Yes, my dear. Haunted us by mistake, that's all. Belongs to another place entirely; got a little befogged, and came here without intending to, that's all. When she found out her mistake, she apologized, and left."

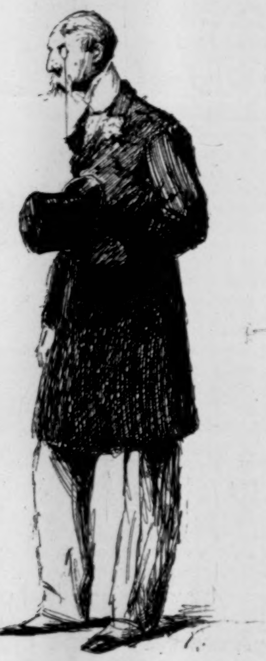
"What did she have on?" asked Mrs. Terwilliger, with a sigh of relief.

But the President of the Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleton, Massachusetts (Limited), said nothing. He had dropped off into a profound slumber.

III.

For the next two weeks Terwilliger lived in a state of preoccupation that worried his wife and daughters to a very considerable extent. They were afraid that something had happened, or was about to happen, in connection with the shoe corporation; and this deprived them of sleep, particularly the eldest Miss Terwilliger, who had danced four times at a recent ball with an impecunious young Earl, whom she suspected of having intentions. Ariadne was in a state of grave apprehension, because she knew that much as the Earl might love her, it would be difficult for them to marry on his income, which was literally too small to keep the roof over his head in decent repair.

But it was not business troubles that occupied every sleeping and waking thought of Hankinson Judson Terwilliger. His mind was now set upon the hardest problem it had ever had to cope with, that problem being how to so ennoble the spectre cook of Bangletop that she might outrank the ancestors of his landlord in the other world—the shady world, he called it. The living cook had been induced to remain partly by threats and partly by promises of increased pay; the threats consisting largely of expressions of determinations to leave her in England, thousands of miles from her home in Massachusetts, deserted and forlorn, the poor woman being insufficiently provided with funds to get back to America, and holding in her veins a strain of Celtic blood quite large enough to make the idea of remaining an outcast in England absolutely intolerable to her. At the end of seven days Terwilliger was seemingly as far from the solution of his problem as ever, and at the grand fête given by himself and wife on the afternoon of the seventh day of his trial to the Earl of Mugley, the one in whom Ariadne was interested, he seemed almost rude to his guests, which the latter overlooked, taking it for the American way of entertaining. It is very hard for a shoemaker to entertain earls, dukes, and the plainest kind of every-day lords under ordinary circumstances, but when in addition to the duties of host the maker of soles has to think out a receipt for the making of an aristocrat out of a deceased plebe, a polite drawing-room manner is hardly to be expected. Mr. Terwilliger's manner remained of the kind to be expected under the circumstances, neither better nor worse, until the flunky at the door announced, in stentorian tones, "The Hearl of Mugley."



THE H'EARL OF MUGLEY.

The 'Hearl' of Mugley seemed to be the open sesame to the door betwixt Terwilliger and success. Simultaneously with the entrance of the Earl the solution of his problem flashed across the mind of the master of Bangletop, and his affronting demeanor, his preoccupation and all disappeared in an instant. Indeed, so elegantly enthusiastic was his reception of the Earl that Lady Maud Sniffles, on the other side of the room, whispered in the ear of the Hon. Miss Pottleton that Mugley's creditors were in luck; to which the Hon. Miss Pottleton, whose smiles upon the nobleman had been returned unopened, curved her upper lip spitefully, and replied that they were indeed, but she didn't envy Ariadne that pompous little error of nature's, the Earl.

"Howdy do, Earl?" said Terwilliger. "Glad to see you looking so well. How's your mamma?"

"The Countess is in her usual state of health, Mr. Terwilliger," returned the Earl.

"Ain't she coming this afternoon?"

"I really can't say," answered Mugley. "I asked her if she were coming, and all she did was to call for her salts. She's a little given to fainting spells, and the slightest shock rather upsets her."

And then the Earl turned on his heel and sought out the fair Ariadne, while Terwilliger, excusing himself, left the assemblage, and went directly to his private office in the crypt of the Greek chapel. Arrived there, he seated himself at his desk and wrote the following formal card, which he put in an envelope and addressed to the Earl of Mugley:

"If the Earl of Mugley will call at the private office of Mr. H. Judson Terwilliger at once, he will not only greatly oblige Mr. H. Judson Terwilliger, but may also hear of something to his advantage."

The card written, Terwilliger summoned an attendant, ordered a quantity of *liqueurs*, whiskey, sherry, port, and lemon squash for two to be brought to the office, and then sent his communication to the Earl.

Now the Earl was a great stickler for etiquette, and he did not at all like the idea of one in his position waiting upon one of Mr. Terwilliger's rank, or lack of rank, and, at first thought, he was inclined to ignore the request of his host, but a combination of circumstances served to change his resolution. He so seldom heard anything to his advantage that, for mere novelty's sake, he thought he would do as he was asked, but the question of his dignity rose up again, and shoving the note into his pocket he tried to forget it. After five minutes he found he could not forget it, and putting his hand into the pocket for the missive, meaning to give it a second reading, he drew out another paper by mistake, which was, in brief, a reminder from a firm of London lawyers that he owed certain clients of theirs a few thousands of pounds for the clothing that had adorned his back for the last two years, and stating that proceedings would be begun if at the expiration of three months the account was not paid in full. The reminder settled it. The Earl of Mugley graciously concluded to grant Mr. H. Judson Terwilliger an audience in the private office under the Greek chapel.

"Sit down, Earl, and have a *crème de mint* with me," said Terwilliger as the Earl, four minutes later, entered the apartment.

"Thanks," returned the Earl. "Beautiful color that," he added, pleasantly, smacking his lips with satisfaction as the soft green fluid disappeared from the glass into his inner Earl.

"Fine," said Terwilliger. "Little unripe, perhaps, but pleasant to the eye. I prefer the hue of the Marashino, myself. Just taste that Marashino, Earl. It's A1; thirty-six dollars a case."

"You wanted to see me about some matter of interest to both of us, I believe, Mr. Terwilliger," said the Earl, declining the proffered Marashino.

"Well, yes," returned Terwilliger. "More of interest to you, perhaps, than to me. The fact is, Earl, I've taken quite a shine to you, so much of a one in fact, that I've looked you up at a commercial agency, and H. J. Terwilliger never does that unless he's mightily interested in a man."

"I—er—I hope you are not to be prejudiced against me," the Earl said, uneasily, "by—er—by what those cads of tradesmen say about me."

"Not a bit," returned Terwilliger—"not a bit. In fact, what I've discovered has prejudiced me in your favor. You are just the man I've been looking for for some days. I've wanted a man with three A blood and three Z finances for 'most a week now, and from what I can gather from Burke and Bradstreet, you fill the bill. You owe pretty much everybody from your tailor to the collector of pew rents at your church, eh?"

"I've been unfortunate in financial matters," returned the Earl; "but I have left the family name untarnished."

"So I believe, Earl. That's what I admire about you. Some men with your debts would be driven to drink or other pastimes of a more or less tarnishing nature, and I admire you for the admirable restraint you have put upon yourself. You owe, I am told, about 27,000 pounds."

"My secretary has the figures, I believe," said the Earl, slightly bored.

"Well, we'll say 30,000 in round figures. Now what hope have you of ever paying that sum off?"

"None—unless I—er—well, unless I should be fortunate enough to secure a rich wife."

"Precisely; that is exactly what I thought," rejoined Terwilliger. "Marriage is your only asset, and as yet that is hardly negotiable. Now I have called you here this afternoon to make a proposition to you. If you will marry according to my wishes I will give you an income of 5000 pounds a year for the next five years."

"I don't quite understand you," the Earl replied, in a disappointed tone. It was evident that 5000 pounds per annum was too small a figure for his tastes.

"I think I was quite plain," said Terwilliger, and he repeated his offer.

"I certainly admire the lady very much," said the Earl; "but the settlement of income seems very small."

Terwilliger opened his eyes wide with astonishment. "Oh, you admire the lady, eh?" he said. "Well, there is no accounting for tastes."

"You surprise me slightly," said the Earl, in response to this remark. "The lady is certainly worthy of any man's admiration. She is refined, cultivated, beautiful, and—"

"Ahem!" said Terwilliger. "May I ask, my dear Earl, to whom you refer?"

"To Ariadne, of course. I thought your course somewhat unusual, but we do not pretend to comprehend you Americans over here. Your proposition is that I shall marry Ariadne?"

I hesitate to place on record what Terwilliger said in answer to this statement. It was forcible rather than polite, and the Earl from that moment adopted a new simile for degrees of profanity, substituting "to swear like an American" for the old forms having to do with pirates and troopers. The string of expletives was about five minutes in length, at the end of which time Terwilliger managed to say:

"No such d—— proposition ever entered my mind. I want you to marry a cold, misty, musty spectre, nothing more or less, and I'll tell you why."

And then he proceeded to tell the Earl of Mugley all that he knew of the history of Bangletop Hall, concluding with a narration of his experiences with the ghost cook.

"My rent here," he said, in conclusion, "is 5000 pounds per annum. The advertising I get out of the fact of my being here and swelling it with you nabobs is worth 25,000 pounds a year, and I'm willing to pay, in good hard cash, twenty per cent. of that amount rather than be forced to give up. Now here's your chance to get an income without an incumbrance and stave off your creditors. Marry the spook, so that she can go back to spirit land a countess and make it hot for the Bangletops, and don't be so alfired proud. She'll be disappointed enough I can tell you, when I inform her that an earl was the best I could do, the promised duke not being within reach. If she says earls are drugs in the market, I won't be able to deny it; and, after all, my lad, a good cook is a greater blessing in this world than any earl that ever lived, and a blamed sight rarer."

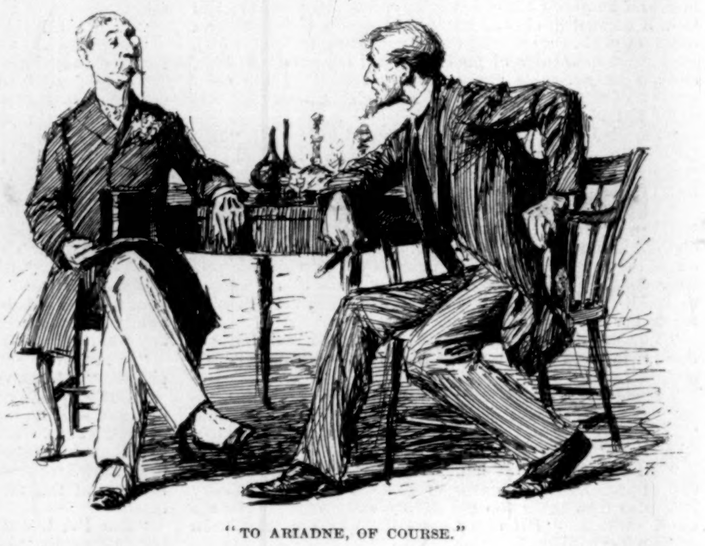
"Your proposition is absolutely ridiculous, Mr. Terwilliger," replied the Earl. "I'd look well marrying a draught from a dark cavern, as you call it, now wouldn't I? To say nothing of the impossibility of a Mugley marrying a cook. I cannot entertain the proposition."

"You'll find you can't entertain anything if you don't watch out," fumed Terwilliger, in return.

"I'm not so sure about that," replied the Earl, haughtily, sipping his lemon squash. "I fancy Miss Ariadne is not entirely indifferent to me."

"Well, you might just as well understand on this 18th day of July, 18— as any other time that my daughter Ariadne never becomes the Earless of Mugley," said Terwilliger, in a tone of exasperation.

"Not even when her father considers the commercial value of such an alliance for his daughter?" retorted the Earl, shaking his finger in Terwilliger's face. "Not even when the President of the Three-dollar Shoe Company, of Soleton, Massachusetts (Limited), considers the advertising sure to result from a marriage between his house and that of Mugley, with presents from her Majesty the Queen, Prince Albert Victor acting as best man, and telegrams of congratulation from the crowned heads of Europe pouring in at the rate of two an hour for half as many hours as there are thrones?"



"TO ARIADNE, OF COURSE."

Terwilliger turned pale.

The picture painted by the Earl was terribly alluring.

He hesitated.

He was lost.

"Mugley," he whispered, hoarsely—"Mugley, I have wronged you. I thought you were a fortune-hunter. I see you love her. Take her, my boy, and pass me the brandy."

"Certainly, Mr. Terwilliger," replied the Earl, affably. "And then, if you've no objection, you may pass it back, and I'll join you in a thimbleful myself."

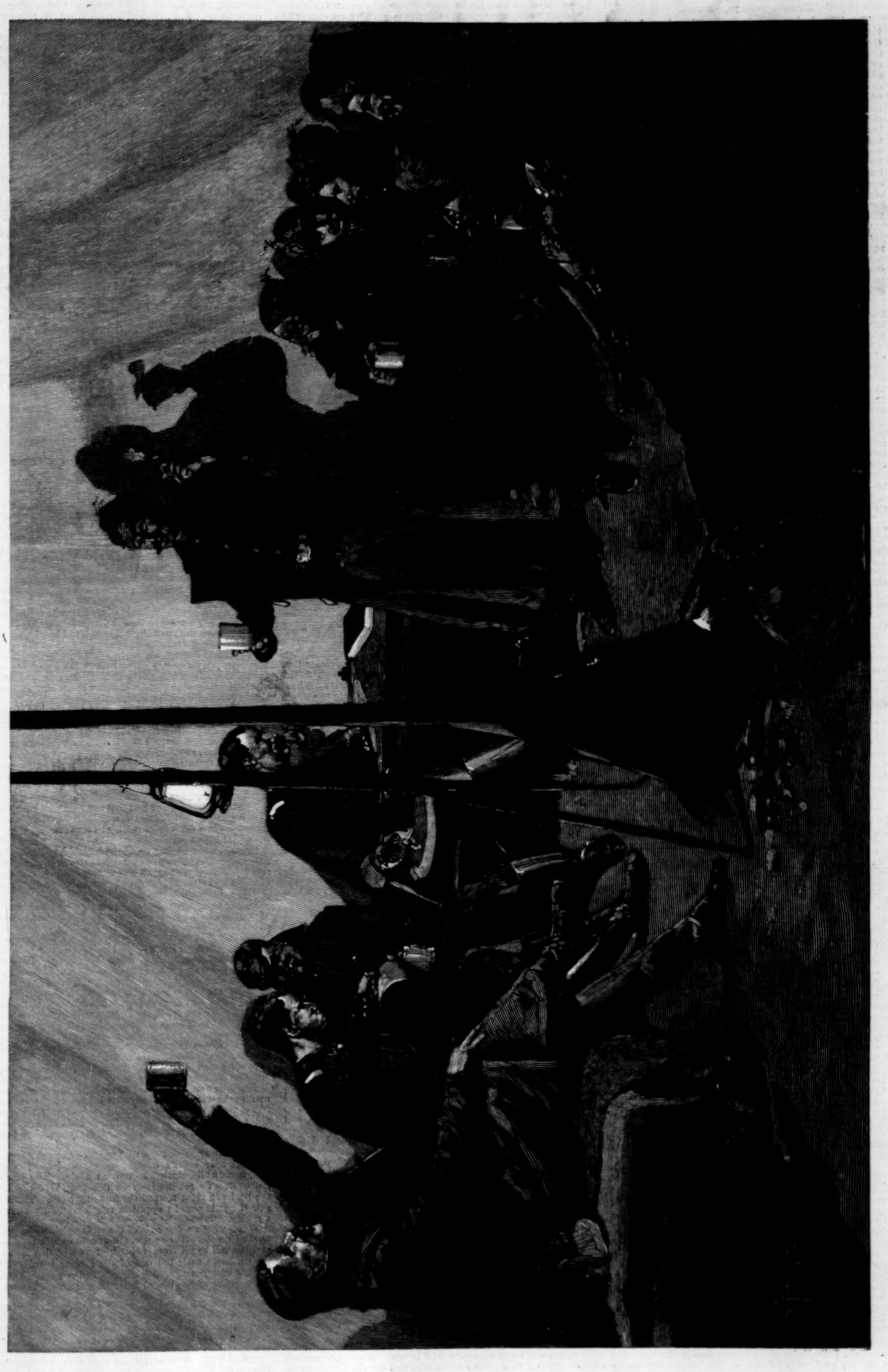
And then the two men drank each other's health in silence, which was prolonged for at least five minutes, during which time the Earl and his host both appeared to be immersed in deep thought.

"Come," said Terwilliger at last. "Let us go back to the drawing-room, or they'll miss us, and, by-the-way, you might speak of that little matter to Ariadne to-night. It'll help the fall trade to have the engagement announced."

"I will, Mr. Terwilliger," returned the Earl, as they started to leave the room; "but I say, father-in-law elect," he whispered, catching Terwilliger's coat sleeve, and drawing him back into the office for an instant, "you couldn't let me have five pounds on account this evening, could you?"

Two minutes later Terwilliger and the Earl appeared in the drawing-room, the former looking haggard and worn, his eyes feverishly bright, and his manner betraying the presence of disturbing elements in his nerve centres; the latter smiling more affably than was consistent with his title, and jingling a number of gold coins in his pocket, which his intimate friend and old college chum Lord Dufferton, on the other side of the room, marvelled at greatly, for he knew well that upon the Earl's arrival at Bangletop Hall an hour before his pockets were as empty as a flunky's head.

(*Continued on page* 974.)



MERRY CHRISTMAS IN A SIBLEY TEPEE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 976.]

THE SPECTRE COOK OF BANGLETOP.

(Continued from page 972.)

IV.

Terwilliger's time was almost up. The hour for his interview with the spectre cook of Bangletop was hardly forty-eight hours distant, and he was wellnigh distracted. No solution of the problem seemed possible since the Earl had so peremptorily declined to fall in with his plan. He was glad the Earl had done so, for otherwise he would have been denied the tremendous satisfaction which the consummation of an alliance between his own and one of the oldest and noblest houses of England was about to give him, not to mention the commercial phase of the situation, which had been so potent a factor in bringing the engagement about; for Ariadne had said yes to the Earl that same night, and the betrothal was shortly to be announced. It would have been announced at once, only the Earl felt that he should break the news himself first to his mother, the Countess—an operation which he dreaded, and for which he believed some eight or ten weeks of time were necessary.

"What is the matter, Judson?" Mrs. Terwilliger asked finally, her husband was growing so careworn of aspect.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing."

"But there is something, Judson, and as your wife I demand to know what it is. Perhaps I can help you."

And then Mr. Terwilliger broke down, and told the whole story to Mrs. Terwilliger, omitting no detail, stopping only to bring that worthy lady to on the half-dozen or more occasions when her emotions were too strong for her nerves, causing her to swoon. When he had quite done, she looked him reproachfully in the eye, and said that if he had told her the truth instead of deceiving her on the night of the spectral visitation, he might have been spared all his trouble.

"For you know, Judson," she said, "I have made a study of the art of acquiring titles. Since I read the story of the girl who started in life as an innkeeper's daughter and died a duchess, by Elizabeth Harley Hicks, of Salem, and realized how one might be lowly born and yet rise to lofty heights, it has been my dearest wish that my girls might become noblewomen, and at times, Judson, I have even hoped that you might yet become a duke."

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Terwilliger. "That would be awful. Hankinson, Duke of Terwilliger! Why, Molly, I'd never be able to hold up my head in shoe circles with a name on me like that."

"Is there nothing in the world but shoes, Judson?" asked his wife, seriously.

"You'll find shoes are the foundation upon which society stands," chuckled Terwilliger in return.

"You are never serious," returned Mrs. Terwilliger; "but now you must be. You are coping with the supernatural. Now I have discovered," continued the lady, "that there are three methods by which titles are acquired—birth, marriage, and purchase."

"You forget the fourth—achievement," suggested Terwilliger.

"Not these days, Judson. It used to be so, but it is not so now. Now the spectre hasn't birth, we can't get any living duke to marry her, dead dukes are hard to find, so there's nothing to do but to buy her a title."

"But where?"

"In Italy. You can get 'em by the dozen. Every hand-organ grinder in America grinds away in the hope of going back to Italy and purchasing a title. Why can't you do the same?"

"Me? Me grind a hand-organ in America?" cried Hankinson.

"No, no; purchase a dukedom."

"I don't want a dukedom; I want a duchessdom."

"That's all right. Buy the title, give it to the cook, and let her marry some spectre of her own rank; she can give him the title; and there you are!"

"Good scheme!" cried Terwilliger. "But I say, Molly, don't you think it would be better to get her to bring the spectre over here, and have me give him the title, and then let him marry her here?"

"No, I don't. If you gave it to him first, the chances are he would go back on his bargain. He'd say that being a Duke, he couldn't marry a cook."

"You have a large mind, Molly," said Terwilliger.

"I know men!" snapped Mrs. Terwilliger.

And so it happened. Hankinson Judson Terwilliger applied by wire to the authorities in Rome for all right, title, and interest in one dukedom, free from incumbrances, irrevocable, and duly witnessed by the proper dignitaries of the Italian government, and at the second interview with the spectre cook of Bangletop, he was able to show her a telegram received from the Eternal City stating that the papers would be sent upon receipt of the applicant's check for 100 lire.

"'Ow much his that?" asked the ghost.

"One hundred lire?" returned Terwilliger, repeating the sum to gain time to think. He was himself surprised at the cheapness of the duchy, and he was afraid that if the ghost knew its real value she would decline to take it. "One hundred lire? Why, that's about 750,000 dollars—150,000 pounds. They charge high for their titles," he added, blushing slightly.

"Pretty 'igh," returned the ghost. "But h'I can't be a duke, ye know. 'Ow'll h'I manidge that?"

Hankinson explained his wife's scheme to the spectre.

"That's helegant," said she. "H'I've loved a butler o' the Bangletops for nigh hon to two 'undred years, but, some-'ow or hother, he's kept shy o' me. This 'll fix 'im. But h'I say, Mr. Terwilliger, his one of them Heyetalian dukes as good as a Henglish one?"

"Every bit," said Terwilliger. "A duke's a duke the world over. Don't you know the lines of Burns, 'A duke's a duke for a' that'?"

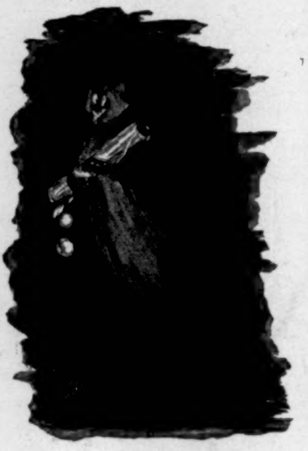
"Never 'eard of 'im," replied the ghost.

"Well, you look him up when you get settled down at home. He was a smart man here, and if his ghost does him justice, you'll be mighty glad to know him," Terwilliger answered.

And thus was Bangletop Hall delivered of its uncanny visitor. The ducal appointment, entitling its owner to call himself "Duke of Pumpernickelini," was received in due time, and handed over to the curse of the kitchen, who immediately disappeared, and permanently, from the haunts that had known her for so long and so disadvantageously. Bangletop Hall is now the home of a happy family, to whom all are devoted, and from whose *ménage* no cook has ever been known to depart, save for natural causes, despite all that has gone before.

Ariadne has become Countess of Mugley, and Mrs. Terwilliger is content with her Judson, whom, however, she occasionally calls Duke of Pumpernickelini, claiming that he is the representative of that ancient and noble family on earth. As for Judson, he always smiles when his wife calls him Duke, but denies the titular impeachment, for he is on good terms with his landlord, whose admiration for his tenant's wholly unexpected ability to retain his cook causes him to regard him as a supernatural being, and therefore worthy of a Bangletop's regard.

"All of which," Terwilliger says to Mrs. Terwilliger, "might not be so, my dear, were I really the duke, for I honestly believe that if there is a feud of long standing anywhere in the universe, it is between the noble families of Bangletop and Pumpernickelini over on the other shore."



BACK TO THE SPIRIT VALE.

MOZART.

Died December 5, 1791.

A SINGER paused upon a mountain place;
  On either side there spread a fruitful land.
  In this the harvest wooed the reaper's hand,
In that the spring unveiled her virgin grace.
The ripened grain blessed once with his face,
  The spring he welcomed as it met his ken;
  Then closed his eyes and sang a grave "Amen."
And far beyond the azure deep of space
The sons of God put by their harps, and bent
  To lift his spirit to the holy brest;
    While one great Voice spake slow across the skies,
And through the stars its echo came and went:
  "Lo! this is he that hymned eternal rest
    For all the dead of all a world that dies."

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ICE KING."

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THE ice had been so smooth and thick all winter that nearly all of the skins and furs had been sent down to the stations by pack-sleds drawn over the ice by skaters. There were only several such fur-trading stations along the whole length of the river St. John, and these journeys were often long and toilsome.

Willis Boynton, the son of an old trapper living on the shores of the Eagle Lakes, had made an innovation in the business which had at least the marks of novelty and uniqueness. Out of the solid trees of the woods he had constructed a large strong ice-boat, which, with a favorable wind, could skim over the ice with the speed of a lightning express. With this boat Willis intended to do business.

He offered to make a weekly trip to the stations, carrying the skins and hides of the animals with him for a very small sum. At first the trappers did not enter into the new scheme with much enthusiasm, but before the winter was half over, Willis could weekly collect enough skins along his route to make each trip a profitable one for him.

Jim Carson was his only competitor. Jim was a rough, gruff old trapper who did not believe in modern conveniences, and when Willis proposed to carry his skins for him on his new ice-boat, the man replied:

"No, thank 'ee; I kin carry my own skins. That old hulk of yours ain't goin' to prove much of a success. It ain't no good. Ye can't depend on it, an' it 'll be wrecked some time."

"Then I'll pay for all the skins that's lost," Willis replied.

"Where would ye get the money? No, thank 'ee; ye ain't comin' round me with any new-fangled notions. I kin carry my own skins faster than ye kin with that boat."

Willis smiled, and told him that he could beat him one-half the way from Eagle Lakes down to Aroostook station, and have several hours to spare at that.

"Now, ye can't do any such thing, but ye can brag."

Willis met the old trapper one day, skating leisurely along the river, drawing a sled piled high with furs behind him. The man was a fine skater, and though he had no grace about his strong form, he could make the skates spin.

A very light wind was blowing, and the ice-boat moved slowly. Willis longed for a fair breeze, for he saw that old Jim was going to prove his claim by racing with him. The trapper waited until the ice-boat was even with him, and then he said:

"I suppose ye think that ye can beat me now? I ain't in none too good trim, but I can beat that rig."

"There isn't much wind to-day," Willis replied, doubtfully, "and this is as fast as I can go until the wind freshens up."

"Well, then, if this is your fast travellin', I'll leave ye, an' wait in Aroostook for ye."

The old trapper laughed a loud, grating laugh, and then moved swiftly ahead of the boat. Willis could only make the best of the situation, and trust to the wind for better speed. He watched the trapper gain rapidly on him, and once or twice he saw him wave his rifle over his head as a token of farewell.

"You wait until the wind blows," Willis muttered to himself, "and I'll show you if you can beat the *Ice King*."

But the wind did not seem to freshen up much, and Jim Carson was soon lost in the distance. He was skating rapidly toward the station, and he would probably reach it by night.

At noon-time Willis ate his light lunch, and anxiously watched for any sign of a stiff breeze. About one o'clock it came up with great suddenness, and the *Ice King* soon increased her speed. As the minutes passed, the breeze continued to increase, and in one hour the ice-boat was fairly humming over the ice. The speed was something tremendous, and at every turn in the river it seemed to increase.

"Now, Jim Carson, look out for your laurels," Willis muttered, exultantly. "I'll pass you now before night."

About three in the afternoon he caught sight of the trapper, who was still skating vigorously along. The man saw the ice-boat coming, and he quickened his speed. But he might as well have tried to escape an express train, for the ice-boat swept down upon him with the speed of the wind.

"Good-by, Jim," Willis shouted, as he came up to the skater; "I'll wait for you at Aroostook."

The old trapper exerted every muscle in his body to keep abreast of the *Ice King*, but in half a minute he was several lengths in the rear.

The *Ice King* reached the trading station long before sundown, and discharged her cargo before Jim came up with his pack-sled. Willis was arranging to take back a load of provisions and other useful articles, and the following morning was spent in loading the *Ice King*.

Jim, on the contrary, started to return in the forenoon, determined to beat his young rival back to Eagle Lakes. He was tired with his exertions of the previous day, but his sled was light and his heart was strong.

Willis had another object in waiting until the afternoon: the wind was dead against him in returning, and a change was expected before night. In the afternoon it shifted around to another quarter, and the sails of the *Ice King* were hoisted.

It was a fine afternoon, but there were indications of a cold, windy night. The wind howled and moaned among the trees on either side of the river, and in two hours it was necessary to keep on the leeward side of the wooded shore to avoid the gusts of wind.

Jim Carson had made good time, and he had several hours the start. The afternoon waned, and darkness settled over the land early. The cold was intense, and Willis had to beat his hands to keep them warm. In the distant woods he could hear the howling of the wolves and the shrieks of the night-birds.

"How I wish some wolves would come for me and give me a race!" he said, laughing heartily at the thought.

He did pass one or two of the animals on the ice, but the boat swept by so suddenly that they did not have time to think of chasing it.

As the darkness increased, it became more difficult to see objects on the ice.

"My only danger is running against a snag. Going at this rate everything would go to smash if I hit anything."

He sped on rapidly for half an hour after this, and then the sound of wolves ahead of him attracted his attention. They seemed to be on the ice directly in his path. He peered as far ahead in the darkness as he could, and in so doing he did not see objects close to him.

Suddenly there was a crash, and the splinters of some heavy object flew into the air. The boy jumped back in fright, but the *Ice King* kept steadily on her course. He gave a quick glance behind him, and in the dim light he caught a glimpse of Jim Carson's sled.

"Gracious! has anything happened to him?" he gasped.

He was about ready to bring the boat up in the wind and go around to investigate, when another sound attracted his attention. He listened attentively. He heard the unmistakable sounds of skates dashing wildly over the ice; but above the ring of the skates the patter of many feet and the howls of wolves could be distinctly heard.

Was Jim Carson pursued by wolves, and had he abandoned his pack-sled to escape the fiendish animals?

This thought fairly made his blood run cold, and he trembled with excitement. The wind was now blowing a small hurricane, and the *Ice King* was almost flying.

In a few minutes he could catch sight of the hungry pack of wolves, rushing headlong up the river. Far ahead of them he thought he saw the solitary form of a skater making desperate efforts to escape.

The boat was going so fast that there was not much chance of Jim getting on it unless she was brought around, and that meant the wolves would get up to them before they could get under headway.

"I must work it some way," the boy said, under his breath.

He steered the *Ice King* close up to the bank of the stream, and passed on one side of the wolves. Then bringing her out into mid-stream, he soon overtook the solitary skater.

"Jim, I'll rescue you," he shouted.

The man looked around at the approaching boat, and Willis could see by his unsteady motions that he was nearly exhausted.

"Skate up toward the other shore, and I'll come for you," Willis shouted. "I can't stop her here."

The trapper mechanically obeyed the order. The *Ice King* was then brought up close to the wind, and her course changed so that she would cross directly in the path of the howling wolves. The animals slackened their speed a little at the sight of this strange apparition, and the boat had ample time to pass ahead of them. When just abreast of them, Willis took his Winchester and shot several times right into the pack.

His shot was effective, for the whole pack stopped, and growled over their dead and wounded comrades. While they were tearing the flesh off the victims, the *Ice King* was heading for Jim Carson again.

The boat ran in front of him, and then she was brought up into the wind so suddenly that her headway was checked. She came almost to a standstill before the sail filled on the other side.

"Now quick, Jim, get on her," the young ice-boatman shouted.

The trapper skated up to her, and dropped down upon the welcome boards completely exhausted. The wolves had, meanwhile, started in pursuit again. The chase was not over. To get headway on this tack, Willis had to let the boat run right toward the howling pack. The animals saw it coming, and stopped in consternation, but ready for a spring.

When within a few rods of the wolves, Willis brought her around on the other course, allowed the sheet rope to run, and the sail to fill from behind. She whistled along with tremendous speed; but one of the foremost wolves gave a mighty spring, and landed directly in her path. There was a crunching of bones, and the wolf was crushed into a mass of jelly.

Away the *Ice King* sped under a full head of sail, and in five minutes the pack of wolves were nearly out of sight. Five minutes more, and they gave up the chase. Carson said nothing, but simply watched the *Ice King* sail. When they had covered ten miles, he ejaculated:

"Wonderful! wonderful! Ye shall always carry my skins after this. This rig has saved my life, and I thank 'ee for it."

AMATEUR · SPORT

"**Although the Yale team play** is far better than Princeton's, the latter has been getting into the proper channel, and had they a week or two longer, would show up very nearly as strong. As it is, there will be times when they will have the requisite swing, but it is hardly possible for them to keep up that swing, because it is only so recently acquired. However, I expect to see a much closer game than is generally believed. Princeton tackles better than Harvard, has line interference, is quite as good behind the line as Yale, and can out-kick her. Her line is not so strong as Yale's, but I doubt if Heffelfinger will go through as he did last year." (Harper's Weekly, November 28th.)

The "requisite swing" was indeed there, and made a very apparent impression on Yale as well as on the thirty-five thousand spectators. It lasted through the first half of the game, but its "so recently acquired" form went to pieces before Yale's sharp onslaught shortly after the beginning of the second half. The popular impression was to the effect that Princeton would be able to make little or no showing whatever against Yale, and as the game progressed it developed two tremendous surprises for the on-lookers. Having gone to Manhattan Field prepared to see Princeton slaughtered, and possibly staked some money on such a result, they received shock number one when the first forty-five minutes passed with no goal to Yale's credit. Shock number two was administered when Yale in double-quick order scored a touch-down thirteen minutes after the beginning of the second half, another seven minutes later, and, greatest of all surprises, a goal from the field a short time afterwards. That "swing" in the first half had betrayed the uninformed into believing it would last through the second.

These on-lookers wondered, I suppose, why on earth Princeton could not do as well in the second half as they had done in the first, especially as they were in prime physical condition, and did not weaken, as some of the published reports have stated. Well, at first blush it does seem puzzling to the superficial observer, but it is simplicity personified after a word or two of explanation and a few moments' serious consideration. On the one side was strength, with just enough skill to give it direction; on the other, were equal strength, highest skill, and that confidence born of experience. Did any one ever witness a struggle between the two that turned out differently from that on Thanksgiving day? In whatever battle we may find ourselves, whether a solitary struggle across the mountains on snow-shoes in a grim contest with starvation, or circling the end of an opposing rush line, with thousands to applaud and a prospective touchdown to incite to greatest effort, the advantages of skill and experience are the same. A team may swing along in a game for a while, carried on by its very strength, but there comes a time when, like a boxer who has left an opening for a more skilful opponent, it receives a blow that staggers, and before it can recover, its experienced rival deals another and another, confusing it the more with each one, until finally it receives its "knock-out," pugilistically speaking, and the other side scores a touch-down.

Yale knew too much football for Princeton last Thursday. She broke up her wedge, went through the line, and downed her backs in their attempts to get around the ends. In thirty-five attempts, twenty-four through the centre and eleven around the ends, Princeton gained only eighty-two yards, against which Yale made one hundred and one attempts, thirty-five around the ends and sixty-six through the centre, and earned a total of five hundred and sixteen yards. Princeton's defensive work was much better than her offensive. Her men got through in much cleaner shape than any one believed they would, and twenty-seven times downed Yale's runners without a gain. On the other hand, Yale succeeded in tackling Princeton's runners eleven times without gain. This goes to show, of course, that what ground Princeton did gain was by the magnificent punting of Homans. His kicking was certainly very fine, and cost Yale a good bit of ground every time; later, in the second half, when the rain and muddy ground made the ball very slippery, his work was at a disadvantage; it sent the ball out of bounds several times for small gain, and made a fizzle of the only opportunity for a drop goal. There is little doubt that Princeton would have had five points to her credit had it not rained; but all the "ifs" in the English language can't change the score now, and, moreover, it must be remembered that McCormick when he kicked his field goal handled the same slippery ball.

But Homans did not have the same impregnable line in front of him as did McCormick, nor the same wonderful system that rarely permitted of misconnection in a play. Moreover, it was not expected that Princeton would have; but it was disappointing just the same that a punter of such ability as Homans should not have the best of support, that his team might have the full benefit of his work. As it was, he made the most of every opportunity. There is no telling to what heights the score might have climbed but for his kicking. If Princeton has Heffelfinger in the line against her next year, as she probably will (for the mighty guard has not yet played five years, and it can be depended upon that Yale will not let him go until compelled to do so), it will be wise for her to profit by Harvard's example, and give some one behind the line the particular job of tackling Heffelfinger in case of his breaking through on kicks. At Springfield, Lake devoted himself to the Yale guard, and whenever Heffelfinger got through, with one costly exception, Lake had him clasped about the neck with a display of warmth that would have melted the heart of the Prodigal Son. I commend this play to Princeton's consideration; not the clasp about the neck, however, for a good old-fashioned tackle about the knees is worth a dozen convulsive hugs. The tackle may not appeal so strongly to sympathetic spectators, but it is remarkably effective on the "have beens" and the substitutes on the side lines.

Speaking of tackling Heffelfinger behind the line reminds me of Johnny Poe, who made several courageous and nearly successful efforts to down him; but what impression can one hundred and forty pounds make on two hundred when moving along with the power and energy that characterize Heffelfinger's rushing. I well remember the feeling of deep respect with which Edgar Allen Poe, Johnny's brother and Princeton's ex-captain, inspired me, when I saw him on Eastern Park last year tackle Heffelfinger and bring him down. Such tackling is not often seen on the field, and such tacklers as Edgar Allen Poe are not often made either. Johnny bids fair, however, when he has had the experience of another season, to equal his brother in this respect. His work on Thursday was highly commendable. He was the only one who could get through Yale's line for a gain, and though it was small, the fault was with his own rushers that failed to make holes for him. He was also the only one who did not lose a yard throughout the game. His tackling and that of King's were features of the game. I did not count the times these two met Yale's backs as they came through Princeton's line for a run, but it was very often. Twice at least Poe's pretty tackling kept Yale from a long run down an open field, and several times I saw King thread his indomitable way through Yale's interferers and down a runner back of the line. At quarter King played a good steady game, making the best of his opportunities and getting every pound of endeavor out of his men. The two unfortunate fumbles must have been due to the slippery ball.

Flint showed his inexperience, as was to be expected, by missing several excellent chances for a tackle, though I did see him make one or two behind Yale's line that gave great promise for his future. Flint is the man, by-the-way, who should have given his attention to Heffelfinger back of Princeton's line, for he is heavy enough—178 lbs.—to be of service in this respect. In the times he got the ball, he lost about as many yards as he gained. The strongest criticism I have to make of Flint is that he starts much, very much, too slow, and is too easily brought down. I put it down to his inexperience, for, considering it is his first season, he has shown up astonishingly well. With his weight and speed and grit I fully expect to see him one of the greatest ground-gainers on the field next year.

On the line Princeton did infinitely better than ninety men out of a hundred expected she would. The line was not strong in offensive work simply because it had not the experience and training to withstand the concentrated thumps of Yale's centre plays, which were sent against it with the single direction and irresistible power of a battering-ram. That they should have held Yale so long as they did is, considering the difference in their style of play, remarkable. It is not to be wondered at that in the first few moments of the second half down near their goal the Princeton line, dazed by the skilled team-work of their opponents, was swept before the overwhelming force of the Yale rushers. Foremost on Princeton's rush line was Riggs, on whom devolved the duty of facing Heffelfinger; and he not only faced him, but played him so evenly that but for Yale's play, which gives her left guard the opportunity of doing great work in interfering for the runner, there would be little to choose between the two men. Heffelfinger did not get through very often, and I saw Riggs twice get through and tackle a runner back of Yale's line. Riggs put up the game of his life; he was all over the field, and did a yeoman's work on the line; but with green tackles and fellow-guard, he and Symmes were unequal to keeping Yale from making holes at will through the centre. Symmes more than held his own, and played the best game he has ever shown; he sent the ball back clean to King, he did not permit Sanford to interfere with his play, while, on the contrary, he made the Yale centre's life rather unhappy several times, and once got through and partly stopped a kick. Symmes is a greatly improved man, and another year, if he keeps on, will find him very formidable.

Wheeler, Holly, and Harold, at guard and the tackles, put up the best game they knew how, which was a considerable amount of physical energy mixed with some knowledge of football. Morison must have been a bit stiff the day following the game, for Wheeler, who is a powerful fellow, pushed him at will, and Holly did what he pleased with Wallis; but while the two Princeton men were physically too much for their opposites, both Morison and Wallis never relaxed their attention a moment from the game; they never forgot they were playing football, and consequently caught Wheeler and Holly napping again and again, and went through them whenever they pleased. The inexperience of Wheeler and Holly did not permit of their taking advantage of their strength. Wheeler is not so lively a man on his feet nor so quick to seize an opportunity as Holly, but I expect to see him work into a first-class guard next year. Application and another season's experience will make him as good as there is. Of Holly I expect great things. With more experience, he will make one of the best tackles on the field; he went through Wallis a number of times and made some pretty tackles. Harold played a steady game, and got through Winter for a few good tackles, but Winter returned the compliment more frequently.

Warren and Vincent on the ends had too much to contend against. With Hinkey and Hartwell and Yale's interference, it seemed almost impossible for them to get in on the runner. Unassisted as they were by their own rushers, they were unable to stem the current; but both made some very difficult tackles, and aided by more experienced tackles, could have kept Yale from gaining a great many yards she did. Both tackled low and hard. I have devoted considerable space to Princeton, because I consider that with six first-year men and irregular coaching, Captain Warren deserves great credit for what he has accomplished, and his men likewise deserve every encouragement. Messrs. Edwards, Moffott, Poe, and Harris succeeded in making the most of what coaching they gave their *alma mater*, but next year some arrangement should be made whereby a defined policy be laid down at the start, and some one of them at Princeton all the time during November. On this line Princeton should be able to make a very close fight next year with both Yale and Harvard, for I have little doubt of a game with the latter being arranged. There is a great deal to do, however, and much for the excellent green material to learn.

As for Yale—well, "what's the matter with Yale?" as the wife of one of her best-beloved sons asked me after the game. Nothing, I reply, taking off my hat, and including in my salutation the coachers, Messrs. Bull, Camp, Stagg, Rhodes, Corbin, and Knapp. Such another team has never played on the gridiron field. There have been teams that contained more stars, but no eleven has ever given such an exhibition of team play as that which these men have developed, and Captain McClung led through the season without having a point scored against it. McClung has proved himself to be an able captain, and the snappy play of the team is due to his unflagging energy, that tolerated no drones. Yale's great strength has been in her wonderfully strong team play in offensive work, and her sharp aggressive play in defensive work. Supplement this with the greatest interference ever seen on the field, and you have a team that is about as invincible as they are made. The drilling of the team was simply superb. There was no halting over signals. Once heard, every man knew his business, and lost no time in getting about it. When Yale's "V" went into an opposing line, every pound of the men composing it went with it simultaneously. The work did not rest upon one or two of the spasmodic efforts of half a dozen. It was a mighty heave all together. When holes were made the interferers poured through with irresistible force, and when they guarded the runner, they did not *bump* into opposing tacklers. They knocked them down, or went down themselves in the attempt.

Every man on the team played his game Thanksgiving day. Heffelfinger I acquire greater consideration for the oftener I see him play. He knows more football than any man on the field, I fully believe. On Thursday, when Riggs was proving a match for him in the line, his headwork was a treat; he never forgot the game for a moment, and always had his eye on the ball. Morison also played a heady game against a man who physically was shaking him up pretty lively. Winter played a first-class game, and his rushing was very strong. Hartwell has fulfilled my prediction, and will leave a reputation at New Haven that will live among the memories of Yale's great end players. Nothing got away from him in the Princeton game; he accepted every chance, and scored. Hinkey, the silent man of Yale, on the other end, pushed the veteran for first honors. The amount of football this young man has absorbed into his system this season is quite remarkable, and as he has four years more to play, it is hard to say what he will have done for Yale ere he doffs the canvas jacket.

McClung and Bliss both played brilliantly, the former showing the greatest judgment and precision in finding the holes made by his forwards, while the latter, although not run nearly so many times, gained nearly as many yards by his success in circling the ends. Barbour did a great deal for his runners by his clever interference; his passing was steady, and his judgment in handling the men good. McCormick made a reputation for himself by his rushing that is not likely to fade. He never failed to gain when sent, and that is more than can be said of either McClung or Bliss, and his drop goal from the field was the more surprising because of his failure to give any previous public exhibition of such ability. Bliss did all the punting in the Harvard game; once Morison tried his hand, or rather foot, but McCormick, never a try; he was being saved for a Thanksgiving-day offering. Yale is crafty sure enough.

The Chicago-Cornell match presented the strongest argument of the season for umpires that know the game and have the courage of their convictions. If Umpire E. A. Yawger, Cornell, '91, had been such a man, the disgraceful slugging to which the spectators were treated Thanksgiving day would have been impossible. Cornell played a strong game, but the punting of Chicago was too much for her. The kicking and running of Ames and Crawford were superb, and the tackling of Donnelly and Rafferty hard and sure. For Cornell, Horton and Osgood kicked and ran brilliantly, and Galbreath, Johnson, and Griffith made the rush line so strong, Chicago could not get through it.

The management of the game by the Manhattan Athletic Club was all that could be asked. No expense had been spared nor diligence relaxed to handle the tremendous crowd satisfactorily, and the club officials having the matter in charge may congratulate themselves on the result. The ease and lack of confusion with which the thirty-five thousand people got into their places were really astonishing. The ushers understood their business, and the distribution of police was most effective. To Mr. S. J. Cornell, the M.A.C. captain, is due the success of the huge undertaking. It was through his enterprise the club secured the game, and by his efforts, seconded by C. C. Hughes, that it passed into history as the greatest and best-managed affair on record.——Wesleyan evidently took its cue from the Crescent Athletic Club in holding back its best team for the game with Pennsylvania, as the Brooklyn men had saved themselves to annihilate Orange. Pennsylvania won, but by a score of 18–10, rather than by some 60 or 70 points, as was generally believed she would. It was a good game and a clean one, chiefly interesting from the unexpected strength shown by Wesleyan. Martin, Camp, Thayer, and Schoff were noticeable for U. of P., while Gordon, Newton, and Meredith did great work for the other side. Wesleyan's rush line was irresistible at times, and got through U. of P.'s centre frequently.——After many rumors one way and the other, the eleven of the United States Military Academy did actually reach Annapolis last Saturday for its annual match with the Naval Academy team. Whether the "official invitation" was forthcoming, I know not, but rather fancy Colonel Wilson is too sensible and sportsman-like to hang over so absurd a trifle; at any rate, the West Point eleven went down, and rather astonished the Middies by giving them a 32–16 beating. Last year was the first of a game between the two, and Annapolis won with a score something like 24 to 0, I believe. In the mean time, West Point has been quietly learning the game, and mastering some of the tricks of the college elevens. The Annapolis eleven was lighter and younger than their rivals, but played a plucky brilliant game. The tricks and superior team-work of West Point, however, were too much for them. The game is to be an annual feature, and created as much enthusiasm as the Yale-Princeton match. It should not be forgotten that these two government schools are conducted on very different principles from those of our colleges. No cadet may have his name on the rolls and pursue a course of football to the exclusion of any single study. He must take up the same studies, undergo the same drills, and be treated in every way exactly as are his classmates. As the cadets' daily work begins at 8 A.M. and lasts till 5.30 P.M., there is little time left for football, except on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Symington, Beuret, Macklin, and Hasbrouck did great work for Annapolis; and Smith, Timberlake, Michil, and Clark, for West Point.——Cornell's very strong showing this year has created some talk as to her admittance into the Association with Yale, Princeton, U. of P., and Wesleyan. This column will contain something on the subject later, when there is more space.——The editors of the *Harvard Crimson* have the sincere congratulations of this column on the very able, sportsman-like, and philosophical editorial in their issue of November 23d. Such a spirit is worthy of success.——There was entirely too much holding in the line in the Yale-Princeton game, and too free use of hands and arms in interference.

Caspar W. Whitney.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL. By Walter Camp. With 31 Portraits. Price, $1.25. Published by Harper & Brothers.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN A SIBLEY TEPEE.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

"EAT, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Not a good excuse, but it has been sufficient on many occasions to be true. The soldier on campaign passes life easily. He holds it in no strong grip, and the Merry Christmas evening is as liable to be spent in the saddle in fierce contact with the blizzard as in his cozy tepee with his comrades and his scant cheer. The jug containing the spirits of the occasion may have been gotten from a town fifty miles away on the railroad. It is certainly not the distillation of the summer sunlight, and is probably "tough" enough stuff to mingle naturally with its surroundings, but if one "drinks no more than a sponge" he may not have the jaded, retrospective feeling and the moral mending on the day to come. To sit on a camp chest, and to try and forget that the soldier's quart cup is not filled with best in the market, and then to enter into the full appreciation of the picturesque occasion, is to forget that long marches, "bull meat," and sleepless freezing nights are in the background. Pleasant hours sit so nicely in their complimental surrounding of hard ones, since everything in the world is relative. As to the eating in a cavalry camp on campaign, it is not overdone, for beans and coffee and bacon and bacon and coffee and beans come round with sufficient regularity to forestall all gormandizing. The drinking is not the prominent feature either, but helps to soften the asperities of a Dakota blizzard which is raging on the other side of the "ducking." The Sibley tent weaves and moans and tugs frantically at its pegs. The Sibley stove sighs like a furnace while the cruel wind seeks out the holes and crevices. The soldiers sit in their camp drawing-room buttoned up to the chin in their big canvas overcoats, and the muskrat caps are not removed. The freemasonry of the army makes strong friendships, and soldiers are all good fellows, that being a part of their business. There are just enough exceptions to prove the rule. The cold, bloodless, compound-interest snarler is not in the army, and if he were, he would be as cheerless on a damp evening as he would in a fight. One man is from Arizona, another from Washington, and the rest from the other corners of Uncle Sam's tract of land. They have met before, and memory after memory comes up with its laughter and pathos of the old campaigns. One by one the "shoulder-straps" crawl in through the hole in the tepee. And, mind you, they do not walk in like a stage hero, with dash and abandon and head in the air; they prostrate themselves like a Turk at prayer, and come crawling. If they raise the flap ever so much, and bring company of the Dakota winds, they are met with a howl of protests. After gaining erectness, they brush the snow from their clothes, borrow a tin cup, and say, "How! how!"

The chief of scouts buttons up to his eyes, and must go look after his "Inguns"; the officer of the day comes in to make his papers, and if he keeps the flying jokes out of his statistics, he does well enough. The second lieutenant, fresh from West Point, doesn't hesitate to address the grizzled colonel of twenty campaigns, nay, he may even deign to advise him on the art of war; but that is unsatisfactory—the advising of colonels—because the colonel's advice to the sub has always to be acted upon, whereas the sub's advice to the colonel is mostly nullified by the great powers of discretion which are vested in the superior rank. The life-study of a sub should be to appear like the cuckoo-bird in a German clock—at the proper moment; and when he appears at wrong intervals, he is repaired. Colonels are terrible creatures, with vast powers for promoting happiness or inflicting misery. If he will lend the moderating influence of his presence, it is well; but if he sends his man around to "present his compliments, and say that the d—— row will immediately cease," his wishes if not his personality are generally respected.

It is never a late evening, such a one as this, it's just a few stolen moments from the "demnition grind." The last arrival may be a youngster just in from patrol, who explains that he just "cut the trail of forty or fifty Sioux five miles below, on the crossing of the White River"; and you may hear the bugle, and the bugle may blow quick and often, and if the bugle does mingle its notes with the howling of the blizzard, you will discover that the occasion is not one of merriment. But let us hope that it will not blow.

The toasts go around, and you use your tobacco in a miserly way, because you can't get any more, since only to-day you have offered a dollar for a small plug to a trooper, and he had refused to negotiate, although he had pared off a small piece as a gift, and intimated that generosity could go no further. Then you go to your tepee, half a mile down the creek at the scout camp, and you stumble through the snow-laden willows and face the cutting blast, while the clash and "Halt!" of the sentinel stop you here and there. You pull off your boots and crawl into your blankets quickly before the infernal Sibley stove gives its sigh as the last departing spark goes up the chimney and leaves the winds and drifting snows to bellow and scream over the wild wastes.

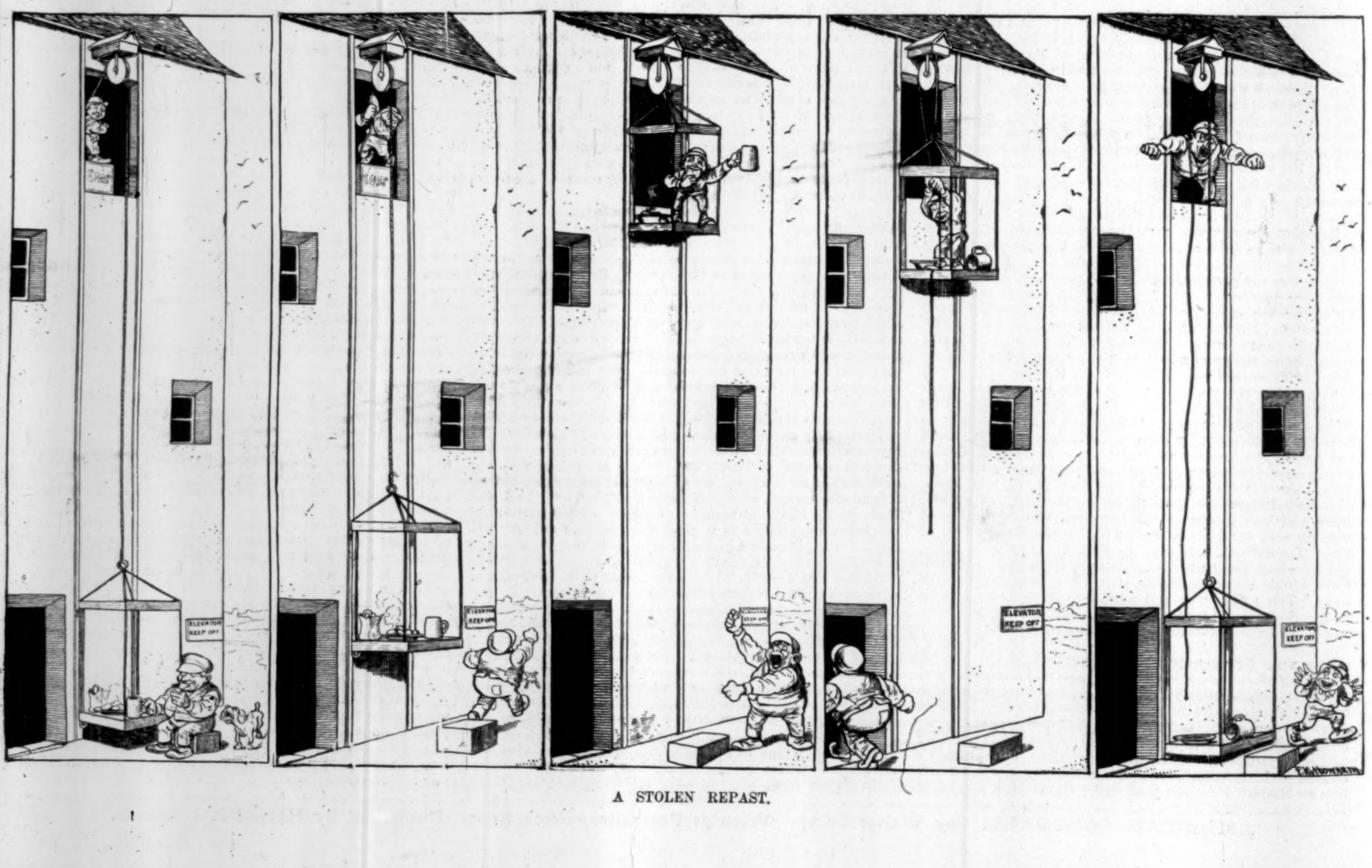
A GREAT MASTER AT THE PIANO.

IN looking back over the growth and development of piano-forte playing in the past hundred years, we find that the rupture between the school of Mozart (called by Fétis "les pianistes harmonistes") and that of Clementi ("les pianistes brillants") took place about 1780. Beethoven, whose first piano compositions were published between 1790 and 1800, appears as a connecting or mediating link between these schools; with Carl Maria von Weber romantic expression comes in the foreground; whilst Franz Schubert inclined more towards the lyrical phrase. After this time (1830-40) the technical school appears entirely in the ascendant; Mendelssohn and Schumann then succeeded in diverting attention towards their poetical and classical tendency; whilst the genial Pole Frederic Chopin refines and polishes the technical material, and reintroduces the charming effect of a sweet, supple, and singing style of playing. With Liszt and Thalberg, Rubinstein and Tausig, the brilliancy of technical execution reached its culminating point. A great deal of this wonderful dynamic playing is made possible only by the marvellous improvement in the mechanism of the piano-forte; there would, too, be more finished artists on this instrument were they fully acquainted with the construction of the instrument upon which they play; whereas every player on the flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, violin, or violoncello is intimately acquainted with the interior of his instrument. "Three things are necessary," said Mozart, and he pointed significantly to his head, his heart, and to the tips of his fingers, as symbolical of understanding, sympathy, and technical skill. In the elaboration of the last department there is frequently a tendency to acquire a meretricious and extravagant manner at the instrument, instead of repose, dignity, grace, and a lack of self-consciousness. In all these best and most necessary qualities M. Ignace-Jan Paderewski excels. This splendid artist was born November 6, 1860, at Podolia, in Russian Poland, descended from an eminent family of the Polish nobility. His father was a prominent member of the Polish court, but during the last Polish upheaval lost estates, position, and rank. He was, however, an amateur musician of remarkable cultivation, and it is from him that his son inherits his genius. His musical talents developed themselves at a very early age, but he was in the main self-taught until, at the age of twenty-one, he went to Berlin, and studied composition under the late Frederic Hiel, one of the most distinguished masters of counterpoint and fugue, belonging, indeed, to that race of modern musicians founded by Moritz Hauptmann.

M. Paderewski did not at first intend to devote himself to the arduous duties of a piano virtuoso, but inclined rather towards composition pure and simple. It was not until he was twenty-four that he finally decided to devote himself to the piano, as a performer on which he has since won such remarkable distinction. His principal instructor has been M. Leschetizky, the husband of that eminent pianiste Madame Essipoff. For the past three years M. Paderewski has adopted the career of what Schumann called the "reisender virtuoso." He made his first appearance in London May 9, 1890, at St. James Hall, and his success on the Continent was at once duplicated by his English audiences, with whom he has become a genuine favorite. He has played before her Majesty the Queen and all the royal family, receiving from each member of it and the Queen valuable presents as tokens of the delight they took in his playing. His début in the United States was made on the evening of the 17th of November at Music Hall, with the assistance of the Symphony Society's orchestra under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Upon this occasion he offered as the *pièces de résistance* the Saint-Saens concerto No. 4, in C minor, and his own concerto No. 1, Opus 17, besides six selections of Chopin's. Just why he should choose the Saint-Saens concerto for his initial performance is not clear to see. Joseffy, Aus der Ohe, and others have tried it before American audiences without proving it to be a notable musical scheme, and it cannot be said to have proved any more interesting at M. Paderewski's hands than it succeeded in being upon previous occasions when it had been heard. His own concerto, introduced, of course, as an example of his compositions, showed us that the Polish pianist was a composer of marked originality and force, with a tendency towards Wagnerian effects, but not to such an extent as to resemble direct plagiarism. The work for the solo instrument was not so convincing nor so well devised as the orchestration; it was entirely too much subordinated. His first night's audience gained a clearer insight to his virtuosity by his rendition of the solo numbers, and notably in one of his encores—Liszt's transcription of Schumann's "Erlkoenig"—at which marvellous performance the audience fairly rose *en masse* and cheered him. The manner in which the beautiful poetic conversation between father and child was delineated was something no listener who was privileged to be present can easily forget. At his second concert M. Paderewski appeared for the first time as an expounder of Beethoven, bringing forward his "Emperor" concerto (E flat, No. 5). It is generally considered that Beethoven's compositions are the final test of the pianist's powers. This is, however, somewhat straining after niceties; temperament in the artist has much to do with his mastery of the composers; decidedly M. Paderewski leans towards those rich in the employment of folk-music, and to the purely emotional and dramatic side of piano composition.

He possesses absolute mastery over himself and his instrument; his octave-playing is simply marvellous; in fact, such left-hand octave-playing I do not remember. He is no less perfect in all the coloring of his work, the *staccato* being really great, while his power to work up climaxes is titanic, his sense of the dramatic and sensational being developed to an astonishing extent. And his endurance is almost beyond credence—a pianist who gives two concertos an evening, besides solo pieces and encores without stint, is a giant. His répertoire, too, is simply colossal; and what would be several concerts for some of our pianists seems like child's play to him in one concert or recital. In appearance M. Paderewski is above the average height, slender, but of great muscularity. His face is exceedingly expressive, and is surmounted by a mass of reddish hair, curling in ringlets loosely about his head; this individuality earned for him in England the sobriquet of the "Blond Lion." His hands are by no means large, but the muscular development, particularly of the wrist and fingers, is worthy of an athlete. At the piano his fingers seem like so many hooks of steel, but they are tempered on occasion with the softness of velvet and satin, that leaves no expression within the limit of the key-board unrevealed.

His bearing at his instrument is modest and unassuming, entirely free of all affectation or eccentricity of manner; he is deferential to his audience, yet dominates it by his earnestness and intensity. In social intercourse he has an air of *bon camarade* and *bonhomie* that is altogether charming; he is, in fact, a polished man of the world. Like all of his nationality, he is a fine linguist, speaking fluently, besides his



A STOLEN REPAST.

native tongue, Prussian, German, French, Italian, and uses English fairly well.

From the specular relationship which the piano holds in every family circle, it really takes a genius at the instrument to arouse to fever-pitch the enthusiasm of the music-loving public, and inasmuch as M. Paderewski was most dangerously over-advertised before his appearance, it is most gratifying that his success with his American audiences has been fully on a par with his European reputation. Mr. Tretbar promised us a great deal, but his promises have been more than realized. M. Paderewski is undoubtedly a great master at the piano. HARRY P. MAWSON.

MOHAMMED BEN ALI

Slew the Janizaries. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters slays the dragon of disease. It roots out maiarial complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, and constipation, remedies inactivity of the kidneys, reinforces an enfeebled system. This medicine of varied uses is sometimes imitated. Avoid cheap, fiery, local Bitters and demand the genuine Hostetter's.—[*Adv.*]

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS AND THEIR GROWTH.

SOME idea of the amount of travelling done by Americans as a people and the comfort and luxury they command is gathered from the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's announcement of its personally-conducted tours for 1891 and 1892. First comes a series to the Golden Gate and Mexico, leaving New York and Philadelphia January 13th, February 10th and 24th, March 24th, and April 20th, 1892. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars, under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Then follows a series of six to Jacksonville—January 19th, February 2d and 16th, March 1st, 15th, and 29th, 1892. The first five admit of two whole weeks in the Sunny South, while tickets for the sixth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 30th, 1892. The round-trip rate is but $50 from New York and $48 from Philadelphia.

A series to Washington, D.C., leave November 26th, December 10th and 28th, 1891; January 21st, February 18th, March 17th, April 7th and 28th, and May 19th, each tour covering a period of three days, and rate of $12.50 from New York and $10 from Philadelphia includes all necessary travelling expenses and board at the National Capital.

On December 28th a personally-conducted tour will also be run to Old Point Comfort, covering a period of four days and all expenses, and tickets sold from Philadelphia at rate of $15; New York, $18.

February 2d a tour will be run to Washington, Richmond, Virginia Beach, and Old Point Comfort, covering eight days, and tickets will be sold at $42 from New York and $40 from Philadelphia.

Last of all, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that it, during the months of July and August, 1892, the date to be definitely announced later, proposes running two distinct tours to the Yellowstone National Park. They will be conducted on the same general principles, and maintained at that high standard manifested on all the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours.

Carefully prepared itineraries as well as detailed information may be procured by addressing Mr. Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—A perfect dressing for the hair. The COCOAINE holds in a liquid form a large proportion of deodorized Cocoanut Oil, prepared expressly for this purpose.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

ALL danger of drinking impure water is avoided by adding 20 drops of Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

CRAB-APPLE-BLOSSOM PERFUME "reminds one of all the sweet scents of the country."—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SYRUP of FIGS.

ONE ENJOYS both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all, and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in **50c.** and **$1** bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

For Boils, Pimples
carbuncles,
scrofulous sores,
eczema, and all other
blood diseases,
take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
It will
relieve and cure
dyspepsia, nervous
debility, and that
tired feeling.
Has Cured Others
will cure you.

Arnold
Constable & Co

GARMENTS.

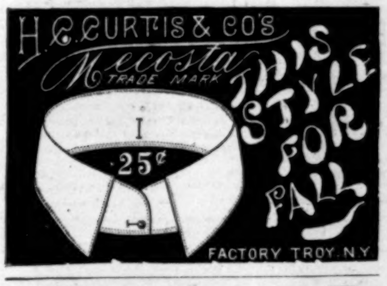
Tailor-Made Suits, London and Paris Style, Carriage, Reception, and Street Costumes.

BALL AND WEDDING DRESSES.

Long Cloaks, Wraps, and Capes.
Fur-trimmed Jackets and Cloaks.

OPERA WRAPS.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.


H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Mecosta
TRADE MARK
I
25¢
THIS STYLE FOR FALL
FACTORY TROY. N.Y.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Laughter Lends a New Charm to Beauty

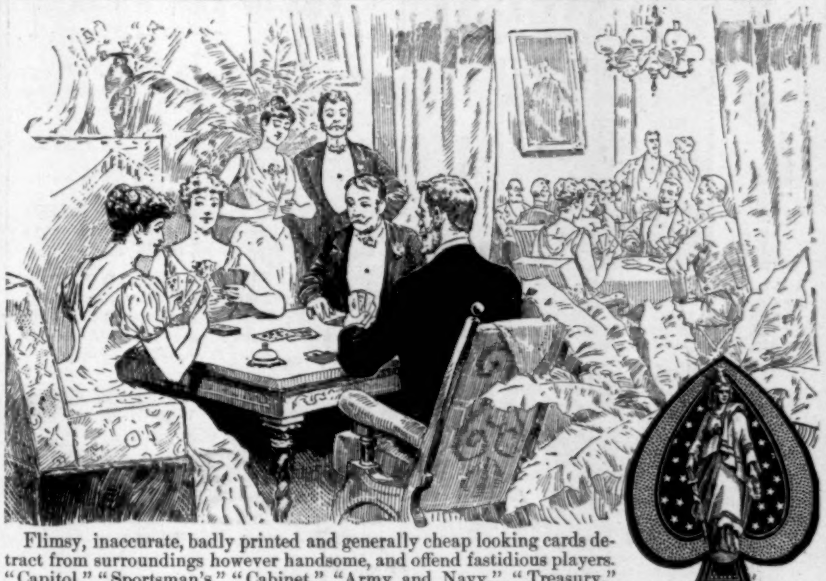
when it discloses a pretty set of teeth. Whiteness, when nature has supplied this element of loveliness, may be retained through life by using the fragrant

SOZODONT

This popular dentifrice is now a recognized essential of every toilet table. It is totally innoxious, CONTAINING NO ACID, and for preserving and CLEANSING THE TEETH, and retaining the normal condition of the gums, it has no rival.

More SOZODONT is annually sold than of all other dentifrices and tooth-washes combined. There must be a reason for this fact. SOZODONT has been many years before the world, and if it did not fulfil the promises made for it, it would long ago have fallen into oblivion. But the more it is used, the more it becomes in demand. Those who have tried it once, try it again, and then recommend its use to others.

Sold by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers.



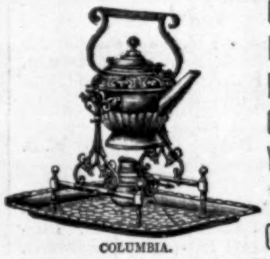
Flimsy, inaccurate, badly printed and generally cheap looking cards detract from surroundings however handsome, and offend fastidious players. "Capitol," "Sportsman's," "Cabinet," "Army and Navy," "Treasury," and "Congress" brands of cards are not only elegant, but also acceptable to experienced players. Insist upon having them from your dealer.

"The Card Player's Companion," showing how games are played, and giving prices of 40 brands, 400 kinds, of playing cards, will be sent to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.

This trade-mark is the Ace of Spades card and is on every pack and cover of the genuine. Look for it.

THE U. S. PRINTING CO., RUSSELL & MORGAN FACTORIES, CINCINNATI, O.

"FIVE O'CLOCK TEAS."



COLUMBIA.

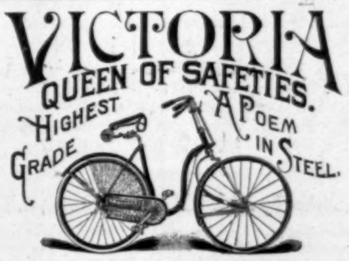
Oxford,	$3.00
Harvard,	4.50
Princeton,	5.50
Columbia,	6.00
Yale,	6.50

SEND FOR **CIRCULARS.**

Brass, silver-lined, new styles, with trays, sent by express **prepaid** on receipt of price.

Cosy,	**$1.50**	**BRASS KETTLES,** WITH LAMPS & Wrought-Iron Stands.
Comfort,	**2.00**	
Europa,	**3.50**	
Gypsy,	**3.50**	

PALMER M'F'G CO.,
Near Fulton Ferry and Bridge Terminus, 66 Water St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.


VICTORIA
QUEEN OF SAFETIES.
HIGHEST GRADE
A POEM IN STEEL.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.
BOSTON. WASHINGTON. DENVER. SAN FRANCISCO.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS., SPECIAL AGENTS.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA.

Economize Space! Save Money!

You can have a bed in any room or office and no one know it. THE GUNN FOLDING BED CO., Grand Rapids, Mich. 13 styles combining every class of furniture. Catalogue free. A Revolution in Furniture.

RIDLEYS'

Grand Street, N. Y.

KID GLOVES.

MEN'S 2-BUTTON DOGSKIN (latest shades),

95c., $1.23, $1.50, $2.00.

MEN'S CRAVEN TAN GLOVES (pair), $1.25.

MEN'S BUCKSKIN, FLEECE-LINED,

95c., $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 pair.

MEN'S SARANAC TAN, FLEECE-LINED,

45c., 75c., 95c. pair.

BOYS' LINED KID GLOVES, CONEY TOPS—sizes from 1 to 7,

75 cents pair.

ORDERS BY MAIL
RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,
309, 311, 311½ to 321 Grand St.

Six floors occupied exclusively by us for the sale of millinery, fancy and dress goods.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

PARISIAN LADIES consider **GUERLAIN's PERFUMES THE BEST**
Sold by PARK & TILFORD, 917, Broadway, NEW-YORK.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER

LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **wonderful soap** send **25c** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

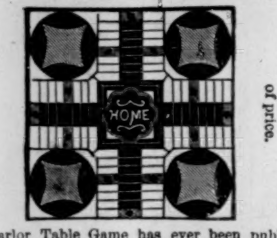
SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

THE BEST HOME GAMES.

ADAPTED FOR EITHER CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

PARCHEESI

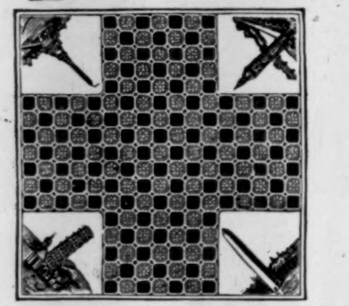
PRICES:
Paper Bound, $1.00 each.
Cloth " 2.00 "



Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price.

No Parlor Table Game has ever been published which has had so great a sale. For 20 years the best families have had it in their homes, and so enjoyed it that now it is always called for when the question arises, "What shall we play?"

TOWERS



A new Board Game of great merit. Lithographed in Colors. Forty-eight Counters, elegantly made in composition, are used in the game.

BUY IT. YOU WILL LIKE IT.

Price $1.00 Each.

These games are on sale by leading book, stationery, and toy stores in the United States, or mailed postpaid by

SELCHOW & RIGHTER,
390 Broadway, New York.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Complying with general request

Beecham's Pills

will in future for the United States be covered with a

Quickly Soluble, Pleasant Coating,

completely disguising the taste of the Pill without in any way impairing its wonderful efficacy for the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, and many **Bilious** and **Nervous Disorders.**

Price, 25c. a box.

"**EVERYBODY'S HAND-BOOK**" of **ELECTRICITY.** By Edw. Trevet. 50 ILLUSTRATIONS. 120 PAGES. All about Electric Bells, Batteries, Dynamos, Motors, Railways, Welding, etc. Postpaid, 25 cents. **Bubier Pub. Co.**, LYNN, MASS.

EVERY SKIN, SCALP, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by Cuticura

EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, WHETHER torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

Studies in Chaucer: His Life and Writings. By THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. With a Portrait of Chaucer. Three volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $9 00. (*In a box.*)

II.

Harper's Young People for 1891. Vol. XII. With about 800 Illustrations and 860 pages. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.

III.

Ruth the Gleaner, and Esther the Queen. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D., Author of "David, King of Israel," "Paul the Missionary," etc. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

IV.

Glimpses of Nature. By ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., etc. With Thirty-five illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

V.

English Words. An Elementary Study of Derivations. By CHARLES F. JOHNSON, Professor of English Literature, Trinity College, Hartford. 16mo, Cloth, 84 cents.

VI.

Our Amateur Circus; or, A New York Season. Twenty Colored Plates by H. W. MCVICKAR, with Explanatory Legends. Oblong quarto, bound in Silk, $5 00. (*In a box.*)

VII.

Dame Care. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. Translated by BERTHA OVERBECK. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (In "The Odd Number Series.")

VIII.

A Modern Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Adventures of Oliver Munier. An Extravaganza. Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

IX.

An Imperative Duty. A Novel. By W. D. HOWELLS. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 00.

X.

Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ. By LEW. WALLACE. Garfield Edition. 2 volumes. Illustrated with twenty full-page photogravures. Over 1000 illustrations as marginal drawings by WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON. Crown 8vo, Printed on fine super-calendered plate paper, Bound in silk and gold, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $7 00. (*In a Gladstone Box.*)

XI.

Art and Criticism. Monographs and Studies. By THEODORE CHILD, Author of the "Spanish-American Republics," etc., etc. Richly Illustrated. Large 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $6 00. (*In a box.*)

XII.

Sharp Eyes: A Rambler's Calendar of Fifty-two Weeks among Insects, Birds, and Flowers. By WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON. Illustrated by the Author. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5 00. (*In a box.*)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

OREGON THE BEST FIELD FOR **INVESTMENT** In the UNITED STATES. Present growth of **PORTLAND** is ahead of any city in the U. S. in proportion to its size. Wholesale trade, 1890, $130,000,000; Banking Capital $13,500,000; Buildings now under construction $4,000,000. We have a plan for the investment of capital in best real estate in Oregon, in large and small amounts, cash or monthly instalments of $25 and upwards, **absolutely safe and remarkably profitable.** Send for full information and Bankers' references. **EUGENE D. WHITE & CO., Portland, Or.**

GUARANTEED!

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Bearing Liberal Interest.

We guarantee both principal and interest. Loans made on productive real estate yearly increasing in value on a conservative basis, and only after personal examination by us. Interest payable in New York Exchange. We invite correspondence. Very highest references.

PUGET SOUND LOAN, TRUST, and BANKING COMPANY. (Paid-up Capital, $125,000.)
New Whatcom, Washington.

FOR SALE! A FEW **First Mortgages!** $200 to $1000. Due in 1 to 5 years. Our Own Money **10%** Which has been conservatively placed. Payment Guaranteed. Write **Pierce County Savings Bank,** Tacoma, Wash.

10% NET FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Absolutely secure. Interest payable semi-annually by draft on New York. **Personal attention given to all loans. Highest references.** Address **FRANK J. HAMILTON, Fairhaven, Wash.**

Colorado Springs, Colo.

AT THE FOOT OF PIKE'S PEAK,

CLAIMS to be THE FINEST WINTER HEALTH RESORT in the WORLD.

Why not investigate this claim?

A little book just published may assist. Sent free on application. Address

GEO. R. BUCKMAN, Colorado Springs, Colo.

FRENCH GERMAN Actually Spoken and Mastered in **Ten Weeks** at your own home, by Dr. Rosenthal's Meisterschaft System. [550th thousand.] All subscribers, $5.00 each for each language, become actual pupils of Dr. Rosenthal who corrects all exercises, and corresponds with them in regard to difficulties which may occur. Sample copy, Part I, 25 cents. Liberal terms to Teachers. **SPANISH ITALIAN**

MEISTERSCHAFT PUB. CO.
196 SUMMER STREET - BOSTON

GENEVA MINERAL WATER,
Springs, Geneva, N. Y.,

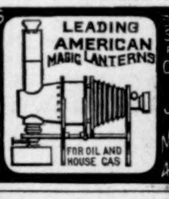
has cured: Kidney and Stomach Troubles, Diabetes, Incipient Bright's, Liver Troubles, Gravel, Rheumatism, and Neuralgia.

Pronounced by authority a Tonic, Regulator, and Alterative.

Offices: 158 W. 23d St., New York.
135 Griswold St., Detroit.
310 No. 4th St., St. Louis.
39 Exchange Place, Rochester, N. Y.

Send for pamphlet of testimonials, and call and test its efficacy, free of charge.

OUR NEW STANDARD STEREOPTICONS AND MAGIC LANTERNS EXCEL IN POWER SIMPLICITY AND PORTABILITY



SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO J. SCHEIDIG & CO. MANUFACTURERS 43 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores the Complexion; cures Constipation.

ED PINAUD'S Famous Perfume IXORA BREONI.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving showing a Lodge of Chinese Masons at work; also large illustrated catalogue of all the Masonic books and goods—bottom prices. Great chance for Agents. Beware of the spurious works. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

"HARTMAN FLEXIBLE"

Catalogue and Testimonials, mailed free.

"God Bless Our Home" is seen on many a household wall, but where peace and happiness reigns supreme you will almost invariably find a "Hartman" Wire Mat at the door. It enhances domestic bliss, as its presence relieves your wife of a world of care delving for dirt.

HARTMAN MFG. CO., works, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Branches: 102 Chambers St., New York; 508 State St., Chicago; 51 and 53 S. Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

Our Mats have brass tag attached stamped "Hartman."

ED PINAUD'S FAMOUS PERFUME. VIOLETTE DE PARME.

PLOWS' CANDY. Send $5.00 for a 5-lb. Box. Sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. Very handsome presents. **78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.**

Send for Book, free.

Don't Dose

Yourself with patent medicines, and spoil your stomach, because you have an

Aching Back

Or kidney pains.
But use Dr. Grosvenor's

Bell-Cap-Sic

Plasters for speedy and lasting relief. Physicians prescribe them.

25 cents. All druggists, or

J. M. GROSVENOR & CO.,
Boston.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

BENT & CO.'S

BENT & CO'S
HAND MADE
WATER
CRACKERS
MILTON, MASS.
U.S.A.

CELEBRATED HAND-MADE **WATER CRACKERS** (The Only Genuine.) —AND— **FANCY BISCUITS.**

MILTON, MASS.

CH. GUYOT.

PAR EXCELLENCE.

The most acceptable Christmas gift for a gentleman.

The Genuine Guyot Suspenders,

Made only by **CHARLES GUYOT, Paris.**

The acme of health, comfort, and durability. In glass top cartons of 4 pair, $2.25; 8 pair, $4.50; and 12 pair, $6.75; handsomely packed. An inexpensive and very useful present. Single pairs, 50 cents. If your furnisher can not supply them, write to OSTHEIMER BROS., 917-919 Filbert St., Philadelphia, 406 Broadway, New York City, sole representatives of CH. GUYOT, for the U. S.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequaled for smooth, tough leads.

If your stationer does not keep them, mention *Harper's Weekly*, and send 16c. in stamps to Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, Jersey City, N. J., for samples worth double the money.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY *FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS UNDER 18.* If any Boy or Girl wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (26 inch wheels) free on easy conditions, write at once to **WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.**

ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $7.99. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c **GUNS** WATCHES, BICYCLES. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS for Home or Public Use. The BEST in the world. Send for Catalogue. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO., 1008 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

HOLIDAY BICYCLES
SPECIAL PRICES.
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.
J. E. POORMAN, CINCINNATI.

SEND stamp for picture, "The Pretty Typewriter," to Shorthand School, 816 Broadway, New York.

BOTTLED Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Address LITTLE & Co., Chicago, Ill.

CARDS LATEST STYLES, Beveled Edge, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards. Finest Sample Book ever offered for 2c. stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., Box 35, SCIO, OHIO.

"**A UNIQUE CORNER OF THE EARTH,**" just published by the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, California, will be sent upon application to E. S. BABCOCK, Manager.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

$2 UP—**OIL PORTRAITS,** completely framed, taken from any photograph. Illustrated circulars mailed free. Leonardo Association for Oil Portraits, 101 West 21st St., New York.

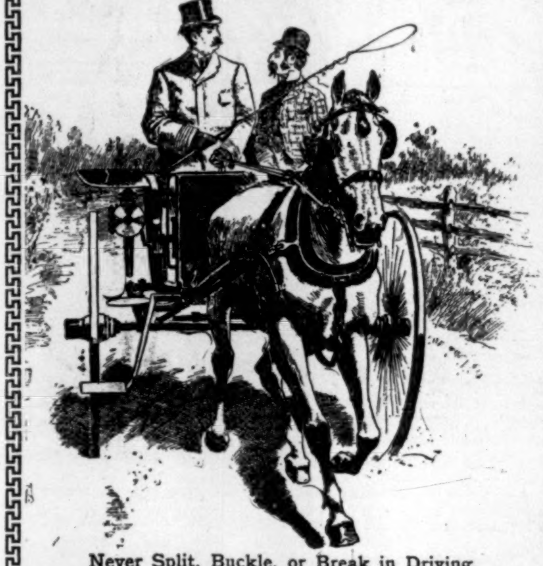
If afflicted with sore eyes use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

LADY AGENTS. FortuneSure. New article for ladies. Mrs. N. B. Little, Chicago, Ill.

CARDS [illegible] New Samples of Silk Ribbon, Silk Fringe, Envelope & New [illegible] Cards, Tricks, Songs, Games, &c., 1 Album, 1 Pack Escort, 1 Pack Acquaintance Cards, all for 2c. Crown Card Co., Cadiz, Ohio.

AUSABLE HORSE NAILS.

Hot Forged and Cold Hammer Pointed.



Never Split, Buckle, or Break in Driving.

WHY HIS HORSE NEVER WENT LAME.

VISITING ENGLISHMAN: My dear boy, how is it your horses never go lame?—and how do you keep their feet in such good condition?

ESSEX COUNTY HOST: They are shod with "horseable" (Ausable) Nails.

VISITING ENGLISHMAN: Why are they better than others?

ESSEX COUNTY HOST: Because they are Hot Forged and Cold Hammer Pointed, are correctly set, and cannot split or buckle in driving, and will hold shoes on until they are worn out.

VISITING ENGLISHMAN: Where can these nails be had?

The Company's store is at

No. 4 WARREN ST.,
NEW YORK.

Buffalo Lithia Water.

For Bright's Disease, Gouty and Rheumatic Affections.

DR. HALSTED BOYLAND,

DOCTOR OF MEDICINE OF THE FACULTY OF PARIS, and Formerly Professor in the Baltimore Medical College, says:

73 Avenue d'Antin, PARIS.

"In BRIGHT'S DISEASE of the KIDNEYS, ACUTE or CHRONIC, BUFFALO LITHIA WATER, Spring No. 2, is, in my experience, *without a rival*, whether in the PARENCHYMATOUS form or INTERSTITIAL NEPHRITIS. In cases in which the ALBUMEN reached as high as 50 per cent., I have known it under a course of this water gradually diminish and finally disappear, at the same time other alarming symptoms were relieved and the sufferers restored to health. The best results which I have witnessed from any remedy in GOUTY and RHEUMATIC AFFECTIONS have been from this water. In all diseases having their origin in a URIC ACID DIATHESIS, it is a remedy of unsurpassed excellence."

WATER IN CASES OF ONE DOZEN HALF-GALLON BOTTLES, $5.00, F. O. B. HERE.

32-p. Illustrated Descriptive Pamphlets Sent Free by

THOMAS F. GOODE,
Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1891.

This name, a household word in every home in the land, has become endeared in the hearts of two generations, and the readers of the early volumes are now men and women, who know that no books will delight their children more, or instruct them to a greater extent, than these dear old annual volumes, whose sales have long since mounted above the million mark. *The* King of Juveniles. 1 vol., quarto, illuminated board covers, $1.25.

THE FAMOUS "ZIGZAGS."

The best and most successful series of books for young people ever made. Over 300,000 volumes already sold. Narratives of travel, history, and adventure, with anecdote stories associated with the countries visited. By H. BUTTERWORTH, editor of the *Youth's Companion*. Full of illustrations. The new volume for this year is

Zigzag Journeys in Australia;

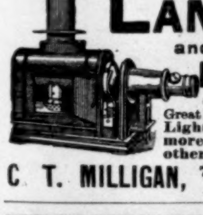
Or, A VISIT TO THE OCEAN WORLD. Describing the wonderful fifth continent, containing stories of gold discoveries and of the animals peculiar to this fascinating country.

The other volumes of the series are NORTHWEST BRITISH ISLES, ANTIPODES, INDIA, SUNNY SOUTH, LEVANT, ACADIA, OCCIDENT, ORIENT, CLASSIC LAND, NORTHERN LANDS, EUROPE.

Each, 1 volume, small quarto, illuminated board covers, $1.75. Cloth, gilt, $2.25.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers,

ESTES & LAURIAT, Boston.



MAGIC LANTERNS

and VIEWS for EXHIBITIONS.

Our 3-Wick LAMP, Great light. No smoke. A Lime Light that is quiet. Both lights more brilliant than any others. Send for catalogue.

C. T. MILLIGAN, 728 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

FLOORS

All kinds of hard-wood floors, plain and ornamental. Also prepared wax and polishing brushes. Send for circular, also circular on care of floors.

WOOD MOSAIC CO.,
15 Hibbard St., Rochester, N. Y.; 315 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

ED PINAUD'S
FAMOUS QUININE HAIR TONIC.

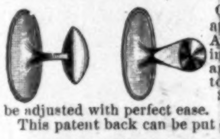
★ HOLIDAY GIFTS. ★

Diamonds and Watches
A SPECIALTY.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

Watches, Diamonds, Chains, Rich Jewelry, and Silverware.

"THE BENEDICT"



Only perfect cuff, sleeve, and Collar Button made. All in one piece. Goes in like a wedge, and flies around across the buttonhole.

Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. No wear or tear.

This patent back can be put on any sleeve button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,
KEEPERS OF THE CITY TIME,
Benedict Building,
171 Broadway, cor. Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

★ **BENEDICT'S TIME.** ★
ESTABLISHED 1821.

TRY IT FOR ONE YEAR.

12 Times FOR 50 c.

The WHEELMEN'S GAZETTE contains 16 pages of illustrations, reading matter and everything pertaining to that most delightful sport—cycling.

LADIES are interested in the LADIES DEPARTMENT, as conducted by Miss Ellen LeGarde, who is well versed in cycling and gymnastic matters. ***GENTLEMEN*** find much in its columns to appeal to a refined taste and whether active cyclers or not, are interested in it.

Don't buy a wheel without consulting our advertising columns. *Sample copy free for the asking, or send 50 cents for one year or a dollar bill for two years subscription.*

Wheelmen's Gazette, Indianapolis, Ind.

GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

LUNDBORG'S
FAMOUS
PERFUMES,
IN FANCY PACKAGES, MAKE MOST
ACCEPTABLE
HOLIDAY
GIFTS.

Fine Perfumery is Always Appreciated.

LADD & COFFIN
Proprietors & Manufacturers
NEW YORK.

I HAVE MADE A BOOK.

STANDING on the floor in one corner of my study is a large-size cabinet letter-file, and, alphabetically arranged in its convenient drawers, are a little more than six thousand letters which I have received from business and professional men in various lines of trade. Most of them were written by Americans; but among the collection are some in foreign languages, and they range in residence from the Southern African colonies to Switzerland, and all around the globe as far as the Hawaiian Islands. Quite a number are from Canada and England, and a few from Germany and France.

They are, as a whole, quite an interesting study, especially to myself, since they all express a common want which it is my purpose to satisfy; yet not the least cause of my personal interest in these letters lies in the fact that nearly all of them were accompanied by either a One Dollar "Greenback" or its equivalent.

Among these letters are some which did not convey any money; and still I value them more highly than the others, for the reason that they were written by business men who express themselves as having received the full value of their little investment. One writer, indeed, in his enthusiasm, stated that it was "worth ten times its cost"—but then he was perhaps a trifle over frank, and nobody expects nowadays to receive much more than they give; they have a right to expect fully that.

How I came to receive these letters—which are daily increasing—may interest you; if it does not, I have certainly mistaken my calling, which is principally to interest people in what I write.

It came about this way. For a long time previous I have been making a novel book—so novel that neither you nor I ever saw or heard of one at all like it. I made it for those who advertise and desire actual paying results for their expenditure. Why did I write it? Why, personal experience and observation as an advertising expert had led me to the conclusion that fully two thirds of the money expended for advertising was literally wasted, simply because the wording, or style, or design of the advertisement failed to secure *buying* attention. Many, perhaps most, advertisements attract plenty of attention, but still are not paying advertisements, because they miss of securing the attention in a *purchasing* sense—*they fail to sell goods enough*.

Now, it looks easy to write an advertisement, the same as it looks easy to do a good many other things in life—to the observer; but when put to the practical test of returns for expenditure, it soon becomes clearly evident that it requires something more than mere space, however prominent, in the newspaper or magazine to sell goods—it requires something written in that expensive space which will cause the careless reader to prefer *your* goods, *your* store, or *your* offers to that of your advertising competitors—and business competition was never so keen and apparently awake as it is to-day.

This book which I have made is not, in my estimation, a perfect book; but it has been of real and valuable assistance to many business men; and even some experts at advertising—people who make a special study of these matters—have written kindly of its merits. Many other books have been written on this same subject, but they have all been based on theories. Mine puts theory to the touch, and *practically illustrates* how to advertise, not only attractively, but *profitably*.

Briefly, then, it contains a large number of original and effective ready-written advertisements, which are so constructed that they can be adapted to any line of goods, and are proved to be paying modes of advertising. It also contains, in condensed form, all the best ideas of scores of acknowledged thinkers on the subject of advertising in all its various features; and, besides all this, it illustrates some fifty elegant designs with suggested wordings. More than this, it shows and explains the proper names of the different styles of type, and by practical example illustrates how to use them to best advantage. It further contains the views of such experienced advertisers as Hon. John Wanamaker, Thomas Beachem, the late Hon. P. T. Barnum, and scores of others who have made of advertising an assured success.

The title of this book is, "The Book of Ideas for Advertisers," and, as its name implies, it contains no advertising rates or tables of circulation of newspapers, but is a book wholly devoted to the illustration and explanation of original ideas for the use of the business man who wishes to make his advertising yield a *profit*, instead of being an *expense*.

It is particularly handy when you wish to quickly compose a telling advertisement and require a little hint or stimulus to your own ideas. One good idea would be certainly worth its cost—it contains hundreds of good ideas. It has positively helped hundreds of business men—it may help you, *if you had it*. I will promptly send a copy, prepaid, upon receipt of the price, which is only One Dollar. Address:

D. T. MALLETT,
Designer of Advertising Ideas,
Post-Office Drawer No. 108. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS

ESTERBROOK & Co.
FALCON PEN

26 JOHN ST., N. Y.

THE BEST MADE.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

A Famous French Chef

once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is

Liebig Company's Extract of Beef."

FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY. FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

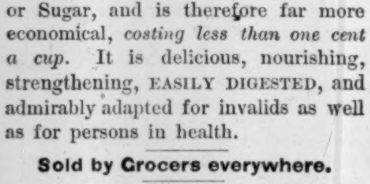
Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.



SWIFT Double Action **AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

Price $10.

MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP, BEAUTY unequalled. SAFETY CATCH, impossible to throw barrel open when discharged—new patent. 38-calibre, using S. & W. C.F. Cartridges. A genuine Swift Double-Action Revolver is as perfect a Pistol as can be made; the only safe one. Make no mistake, buy the Swift.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS OR SENT BY US ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

Send 6c. in stamps for our 100-page ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Bicycles, etc.

LOVELL CELEBRATED DIAMOND SAFETY BICYCLE, High Grade, **$85.00**

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY

J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

Used by

ALL GOOD COOKS

The Year Round.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,** for Cook Book showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

FASHIONABLE Fur Neck Boas.

Mink, with head and tail, $5, $7, $10, and $15 for the very best. Hudson Bay Sable Boas, $15, $25, $30, and $35 for the best. Persian Lamb, $5, $7, and $9. Gray Krimmer, $5. Also Boas of other Furs, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, and $6. Muffs to match, at correspondingly low prices. Large stock of Sealskin Garments, and all Fashionable Furs of every description.

Fashion Book mailed free.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer,
124 W. 42d St.,
Near 6th Avenue L Station.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

2 Million Bottles filled in 1873.
18 Million " " " 1890.

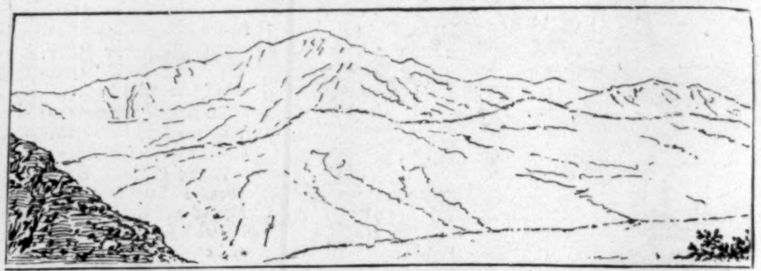
Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Delightful and refreshing."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Royal Baking Powder Leads All



"Made the ascent of Gray' Peak, Colorado, with the shoes I bought of you, and they show but little wear, though the way was over rough, stony ground. They are certainly the easiest walking shoe, new or old ever had," *says one customer.*

"THERE IS THE CONCIOUSNESS OF STEPPING SQUARELY ON THE FEET AND AS THOUGH THE FOOT WAS ENCASED IN NOTHING," *says another.*

"In my life of 72 years," *writes a third,* **"I have never had a pair give me so much comfort. They require no breaking in."**

If *you* want a shoe that is unequalled in materials or appearance, look for, ask for, and insist on having the

BURT & PACKARD "KORRECT SHAPE."

KORRECT SHAPE
BURT & PACKARD

This Trademark stamped on the Sole.

It is a shoe that is beyond comparison with the cheaper grades offered; indeed, the lowest grade we sell is a higher quality than the best usually advertised. Our Cordovan is the best "Snow Excluder," though, for real wear, our English Grain has no superior. Our Cork Sole Shoe will keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable. If once you try them you will wear no other. We make every style of shoes from a heavy "Hunting Boot" to a "Patent Leather Serge Congress" for evening wear, and prepay delivery charges where our goods are not sold. Our "Gymnasium Shoe" for Ladies and Gents, Rubber, Leather, Buck, Felt or Elk Sole, is unequalled. *Illustrated Catalogue free.*

PACKARD & FIELD, (Successors to Burt & Packard,) **BROCKTON, MASS.**

KAMARET

The NEW Photographic WONDER.

Nearly **ONE THIRD SMALLER** than any other Camera of equal capacity. 100 4x5 Pictures without reloading. Size 5¾ x 6½ x 8½ inches. **WE DEVELOP AND FINISH THE PICTURES WHEN DESIRED.** ☞ *Kamaret Booklet free.* **Price $40.**

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Boston, Mass., (Branches: 208 State St., Chicago, 918 Arch St., Phila.) also makers of the *HAWK-EYE* and other Photographic Apparatus. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Trade Agts., New York.

AN ATTRACTIVE XMAS PRESENT.

The World's Lawn and Parlor Game

Enables one to practice marksmanship without injury or danger to themselves or others. The arrow is rubber-vacuum tipped, and harmless. The rifle and the pistol are well and handsomely made, and form an attractive holiday gift, teaching marksmanship as well as deadly weapons.

PRICES: Rifle, nickel, $1.75; bronze, $1.25, post paid. Pistol, post paid, nickel, $1; bronze, 75 cts.

ELASTIC TIP CO., Patentees, BOSTON & CHICAGO.
Also Patentees of **RUBBER ELASTIC FURNITURE TIPS.**

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

will dispatch their first-class passenger steamers **FULDA** and **WERRA** from New York to the

MEDITERRANEAN,

on Dec. 10, Jan. 2, Jan. 23, Feb. 6, Feb. 27, March 12, April 2.

Travellers intending to visit the **SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, ALGIERS,** and **EGYPT,** will find this an excellent route, avoiding the North Atlantic.

OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1867
ALLSOPP'S
SPECIAL BOTTLING
INDIA PALE ALE
FIRST CLASS LONDON 1862

Highest Grade Imported. **RED HAND** Allsopp's Ale. Bottled by the Brewers in England

—*Sold Everywhere.*—

New York Branch, 92 Pearl St. **E. L. ZELL, Agent.**

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

TRADE E.&W. MARK **EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS** BEST IN THE WORLD.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. **Situations procured** all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. C. CHAFFEE,** Oswego, N. Y.

Bookkeeping and Penmanship thoroughly taught by mail.

Vile cod-liver oil has lost its vileness in Scott's Emulsion, and gained a good deal in efficiency.

It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine. You do not get the taste at all.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

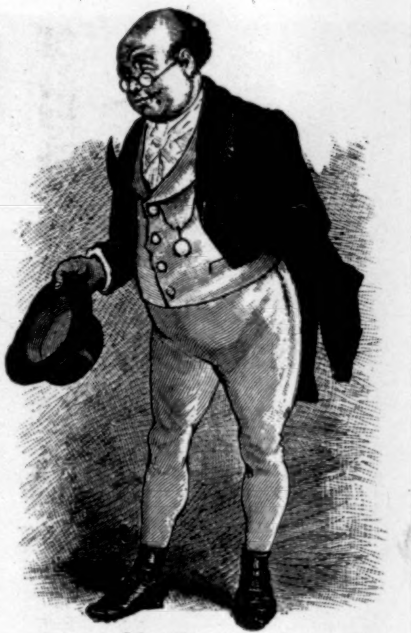
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

23

A Squirrel Needs no

science to teach him how to get the meat out of the nut. But it needs a lot of science to teach a man how to get a *digestible* and *delicious* drink out of the cocoa bean. Van Houten & Zoon have solved this great problem. Not only is the excess of fat removed, effecting a gain of ***one-third*** in strength, but by a Secret Process they increase the *solubility* of the flesh-forming elements by ***50 per cent.,*** *bring out* the flavor and aroma, and produce a superb beverage, which is certified as *pure, easily digested* and *nutritious*, by the highest analysts of Europe.



MR. PICKWICK.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.

PERFECTLY PURE.

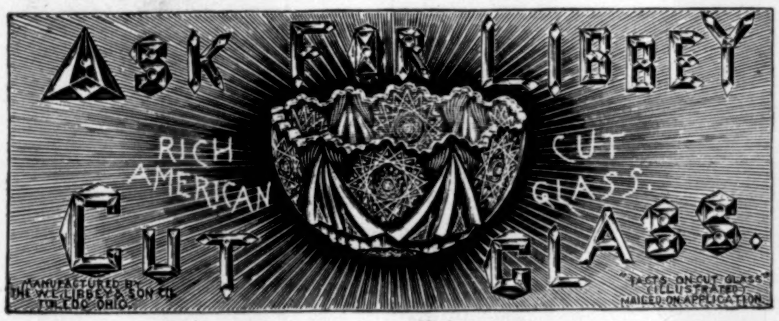
"Best & Goes Farthest."

"Chops and tomato sauce are excellent, my dear Mrs. Bardell, but let the liquid be Van Houten's Cocoa. It is a glorious restorative after a fatiguing journey."

A comparison will quickly prove the great superiority of VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA. ***Take no substitute.*** Sold in **1-8, 1-4, 1-2** and **1 lb.** Cans.

☞If not obtainable from your grocer, enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing sufficient for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed to any given address. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by *the inventors*, VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland.

c 9.


ASK FOR LIBBEY
RICH AMERICAN CUT GLASS.
CUT GLASS.
MANUFACTURED BY THE W. L. LIBBEY & SON CO. TOLEDO, OHIO.
"FACTS ON CUT GLASS" (ILLUSTRATED) MAILED ON APPLICATION.

ALL HANDS PLAY

CUCKOO

FOR FUN.

SOLD BY ALL TOY DEALERS.

25c., 50c., and $1.00.

A Valuable and Handsome Holiday Gift.

THE NEW

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

NEW TYPE, NEW SUBJECTS, NEW ILLUSTRATIONS, NEW MAPS.

Concise, Simple, Clear, Accurate, and Easy of Reference.

Eight Volumes ready; the two remaining volumes to be issued by Sept. 1st, 1892. When completed it will be fifteen years later than any encyclopædia now in the market. For sale by all booksellers.

Send for specimen pages to the publishers,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,

715 & 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Closes Doors without Slamming or Breaking of Glass.

THE NORTON DOOR CHECK

FOR SALE BY

NORTON DOOR CHECK & SPRING CO.,

505 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.

The most perfect toilet powder is

LA

VELOUTINE FAY

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by ***CH. FAY***, *Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

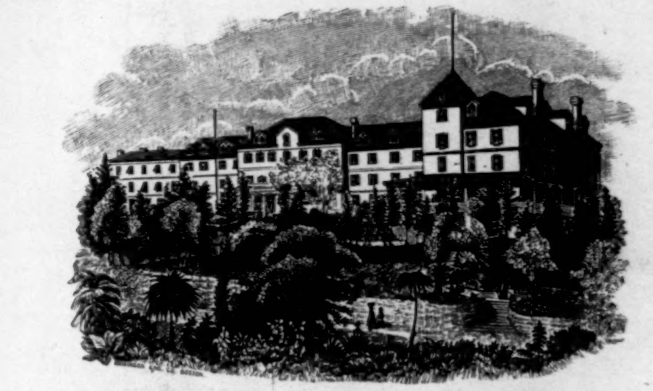
FREE

For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this **Special Offer:** Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** **Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL.** P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture **FREE** as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

BERMUDA.

Land of the Lily and the Rose.

The peculiar situation of these islands, so far north as to escape the discomforts of the tropics, yet so thoroughly sheltered by the Gulf Stream that frost is unknown, makes them one of the most healthy and delightful winter resorts in the world. The islands are entirely free from malaria, and the coral formation acts as a complete safeguard against the accumulation of anything of an impure or offensive nature on the surface. Average temperature for the winter, 65 to 75 deg. Over 100 miles of excellent roads. Telegraphic communication with all parts of the world.



HAMILTON HOTEL.

Open from December until May.

The house is the largest and most elegant building in the city of Hamilton. Contains the only passenger elevator in Bermuda. Situated on the highest ground in the city, insuring dryness and perfect drainage, as well as unsurpassed views of the town, harbor, and the adjacent islands. Circulars giving full information regarding the house or islands will be gladly furnished by

WALTER AIKEN, Proprietor, Hamilton, Bermuda.

MANUFACTURER

L. LEGRAND

11, Place de la Madeleine, 11

PARIS

General Agents for U.S.

PARK & TILFORD

917/919, Broadway

NEW-YORK

SOLD BY ALL *DRUGGISTS PERFUMERS* AND *FANCY GOOD STORES* of U. S.

ORIZA-PERFUMES

IN LIQUID AND SOLIDIFIED FORM

LATEST NOVELTY

Violettes du Czar

FASHIONABLE PARIS PERFUME for the HANDKERCHIEF

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS!

CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA JANUARY 13th, FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th, and MEXICO FEBRUARY 10th, 1892.

FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.

Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

EXCURSION TICKETS with Return Limits adjustable to the wishes of tourists, including ALL TRAVELLING EXPENSES, will be sold at the most liberal rates.

For Itineraries, Reservations of Space, and all information, apply to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Chas. E. Pugh,
General Manager.

J. R. Wood,
General Passenger Agent.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Venetian Life.

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. *Holiday Edition.* With colored illustrations (aqua-tints) from original designs by Childe Hassam, F. Hopkinson Smith, Rhoda Holmes-Nicholls, and Ross Turner. 2 vols., 12mo, bound in the Venetian colors, $5.00.

Snow Bound.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER. *New Holiday Edition.* With a portrait of Mr. Whittier, and eight photogravure illustrations. Daintily bound in white and blue, $1.50.

The One-Hoss Shay,

With its Companion Poems, HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET, and THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. A Holiday Book, with sixty illustrations by HOWARD PYLE. 8vo, full leather binding, $1.50.

Abraham Lincoln.

By CARL SCHURZ. With a fine new portrait of Lincoln. $1.00.

This is so remarkably good and just an account of Lincoln, and is so very interesting, that it ought to be a household book throughout the country.

A New England Girlhood.

A very interesting story of her girlhood by LUCY LARCOM. *Holiday Edition.* $1.25.

Ciphers.

A Novel. By ELLEN OLNEY KIRK, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Walford," etc. $1.25.

A story of New York, full of interest, as all of Mr. Kirk's stories are.

⁂ *For sale by all booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers,*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

IN THE SELECTION OF

A CHOICE GIFT

or of an addition to one's library, elegance and usefulness will be found combined in

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A New Book from Cover to Cover.

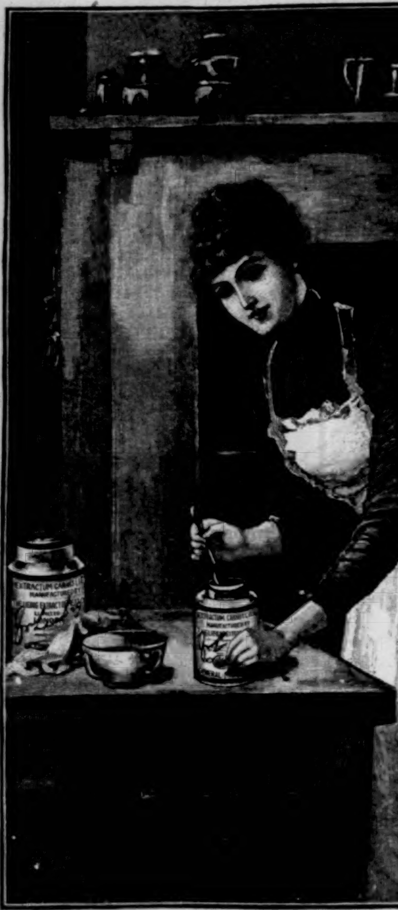
Revision cost over $300,000.

SUCCESSOR OF THE UNABRIDGED.

Ten years revising. 100 editors employed. Critical examination invited. **Get the Best.** Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.

G. & C. **MERRIAM** & CO., Springfield, Mass.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.



A Famous French Chef once wrote: "The very soul of cooking is the stock-pot, and the finest stock-pot is **Liebig Company's Extract of Beef.**"

FOR IMPROVED AND ECONOMIC COOKERY. FOR DELICIOUS, REFRESHING BEEF TEA.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

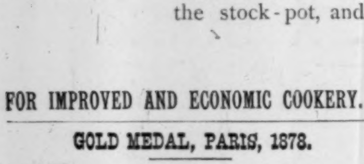
Is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.



SWIFT Double Action **AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

Price $10.

MATERIAL, WORKMANSHIP, BEAUTY unequalled. SAFETY CATCH, impossible to throw barrel open when discharged—new patent. 38-calibre, using S. & W. C.F. Cartridges. A genuine Swift Double-Action Revolver is as perfect a Pistol as can be made; the only safe one. Make no mistake, buy the Swift.

Send 6c. in stamps for our 100-page ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Bicycles, etc.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS OR SENT BY US ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

LOVELL CELEBRATED DIAMOND SAFETY BICYCLE, High Grade, $85.00

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Boston, Mass.

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY

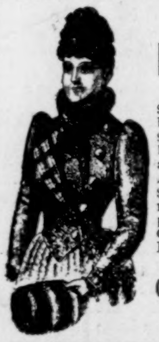
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

Armour's Extract of BEEF.

Used by
ALL GOOD COOKS
The Year Round.

Send to **ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,** for Cook Book showing use of **ARMOUR'S EXTRACT** in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.



FASHIONABLE Fur Neck Boas.

Mink, with head and tail, $5, $7, $10, and $15 for the very best. Hudson Bay Sable Boas, $15, $25, $30, and $35 for the best. Persian Lamb, $5, $7, and $9. Gray Krimmer, $5. Also Boas of other Furs, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, and $6. Muffs to match, at correspondingly low prices. Large stock of Sealskin Garments, and all Fashionable Furs of every description.

Fashion Book mailed free.

C. C. SHAYNE, Manufacturer,
124 W. 42d St.,
Near 6th Avenue L Station.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

---

2 Million Bottles filled in 1873.
18 Million " " " 1890.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Delightful and refreshing."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Royal Baking Powder Leads All

"Made the ascent of Gray' Peak,

Colorado, with the shoes I bought of you, and they show but little wear, though the way was over rough, stony ground. They are certainly the easiest walking shoe, new or old ever had," *says one cuſtomer.*

"THERE IS THE CONCIOUSNESS OF STEPPING SQUARELY ON THE FEET AND AS THOUGH THE FOOT WAS ENCASED IN NOTHING," *says another.*

"In my life of 72 years," *writes a third,* **"I have never had a pair give me so much comfort. They require no breaking in."**

If *you* want a shoe that is unequalled in materials or appearance, look for, ask for, and insist on having the

BURT & PACKARD "KORRECT SHAPE."

BURT & PACKARD
KORRECT SHAPE

This Trademark stamped on the Sole.

It is a shoe that is beyond comparison with the cheaper grades offered; indeed, the lowest grade we sell is a higher quality than the best usually advertised. Our Cordovan is the best "Snow Excluder," though, for real wear, our English Grain has no superior. Our Cork Sole Shoe will keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable. If once you try them you will wear no other. We make every style of shoes from a heavy "Hunting Boot" to a "Patent Leather Serge Congress" for evening wear, and prepay delivery charges where our goods are not sold. Our "Gymnasium Shoe" for Ladies and Gents, Rubber, Leather, Buck, Felt or Elk Sole, is unequalled. *Illustrated Catalogue free.*

PACKARD & FIELD, (Successors to Burt & Packard,) **BROCKTON, MASS.**

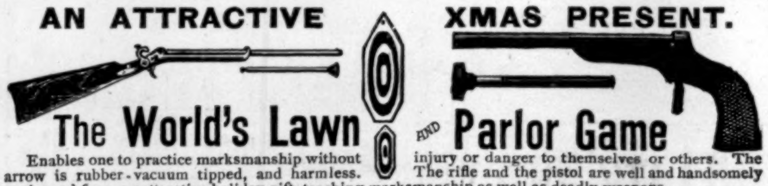
KAMARET

The NEW Photographic WONDER.

Nearly **ONE THIRD SMALLER** than any other Camera of equal capacity. 100 4x5 Pictures without reloading. Size 5¾ x 6½ x 8½ inches. **WE DEVELOP AND FINISH THE PICTURES WHEN DESIRED.** ☞ *Kamaret Booklet free.* **Price $40.**

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO., Boston, Mass., (Branches: 208 State St., Chicago, 918 Arch St., Phila.) also makers of the *HAWK-EYE* and other Photographic Apparatus. **E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,** Trade Agts., New York.

AN ATTRACTIVE XMAS PRESENT.



The World's Lawn AND Parlor Game

Enables one to practice marksmanship without injury or danger to themselves or others. The arrow is rubber-vacuum tipped, and harmless. The rifle and the pistol are well and handsomely made, and form an attractive holiday gift, teaching marksmanship as well as deadly weapons.

PRICES: Rifle, nickel, $1.75; bronze, $1.25, post paid. Pistol, post paid, nickel, $1; bronze, 75 cts.

ELASTIC TIP CO., Patentees, BOSTON & CHICAGO.
Also Patentees of RUBBER ELASTIC FURNITURE TIPS.

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

will dispatch their first-class passenger steamers **FULDA** and **WERRA** from New York to the

MEDITERRANEAN,

on Dec. 10, Jan. 2, Jan. 23, Feb. 6, Feb. 27, March 12, April 2.

Travellers intending to visit the **SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, ALGIERS,** and **EGYPT,** will find this an excellent route, avoiding the North Atlantic.

OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

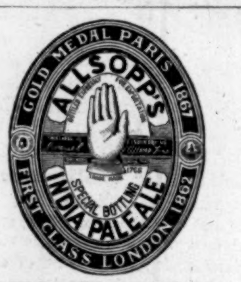
EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.



Highest Grade Imported. **RED HAND** Allsopp's Ale. Bottled by the Brewers in England

—*Sold Everywhere.*—

New York Branch, 92 Pearl St. E. L. ZELL, Agent.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Dr. THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

TRADE MARK E. & W.

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* by mail or personally. **Situations procured** all pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE,** Oswego, N. Y.

Bookkeeping and Penmanship thoroughly taught by mail.

Vile cod-liver oil has lost its vileness in Scott's Emulsion, and gained a good deal in efficiency.

It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine. You do not get the taste at all.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

—

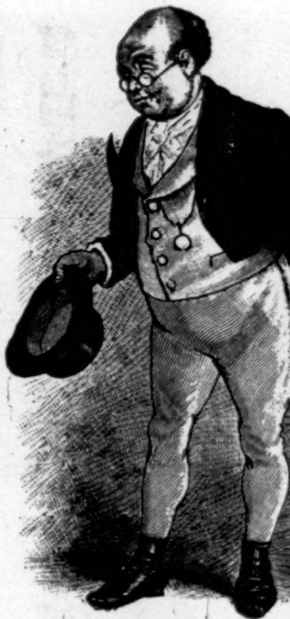
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

23

A Squirrel Needs no

science to teach him how to get the meat out of the nut. But it needs a lot of science to teach a man how to get a *digestible* and *delicious* drink out of the cocoa bean. Van Houten & Zoon have solved this great problem. Not only is the excess of fat removed, effecting a gain of ***one-third*** in strength, but by a Secret Process they increase the *solubility* of the flesh-forming elements by ***50 per cent.***, *bring out* the flavor and aroma, and produce a superb beverage, which is certified as *pure*, *easily digested* and *nutritious*, by the highest analysts of Europe.


Mr. Pickwick.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.

"Chops and tomato sauce are excellent, my dear Mrs. Bardell, but let the liquid be Van Houten's Cocoa.

It is a glorious restorative after a fatiguing journey."

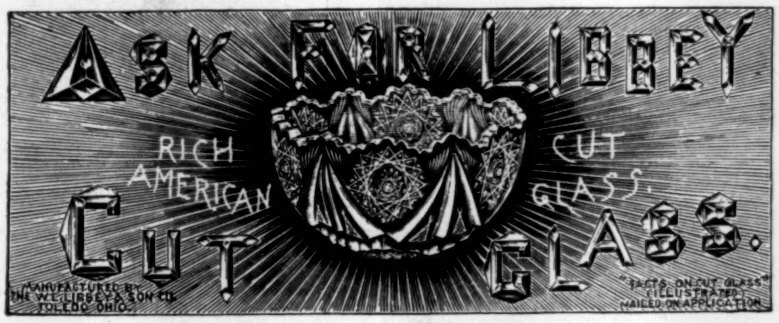
PERFECTLY PURE.

"Best & Goes Farthest."

A comparison will quickly prove the great superiority of Van Houten's Cocoa. ***Take no substitute.*** Sold in **1-8, 1-4, 1-2** and **1 lb.** Cans.

☞If not obtainable from your grocer, enclose 25 cts. to either Van Houten & Zoon, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing sufficient for 35 to 40 cups, will be mailed to any given address. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by *the inventors*, Van Houten & Zoon, Weesp, Holland.

c 9.


ASK FOR LIBBEY
RICH AMERICAN CUT GLASS.
CUT GLASS.
MANUFACTURED BY THE W. L. LIBBEY & SON CO. TOLEDO, OHIO.
"FACTS ON CUT GLASS" (ILLUSTRATED) MAILED ON APPLICATION.

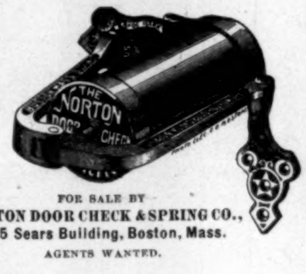
ALL HANDS PLAY

CUCKOO

FOR FUN.

SOLD BY ALL TOY DEALERS.
25c., 50c., and $1.00.

Closes Doors without Slamming or Breaking of Glass.



FOR SALE BY
NORTON DOOR CHECK & SPRING CO.,
505 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.
AGENTS WANTED.

A Valuable and Handsome Holiday Gift.

THE NEW

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

NEW TYPE, NEW SUBJECTS, NEW ILLUSTRATIONS, NEW MAPS.

Concise, Simple, Clear, Accurate, and Easy of Reference.

Eight Volumes ready; the two remaining volumes to be issued by Sept. 1st, 1892. When completed it will be fifteen years later than any encyclopædia now in the market. For sale by all booksellers.

Send for specimen pages to the publishers,

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
715 & 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

The most perfect toilet powder is

LA VELOUTINE FAY

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by ***CH. FAY***, *Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution. — None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature **CH. FAY.**

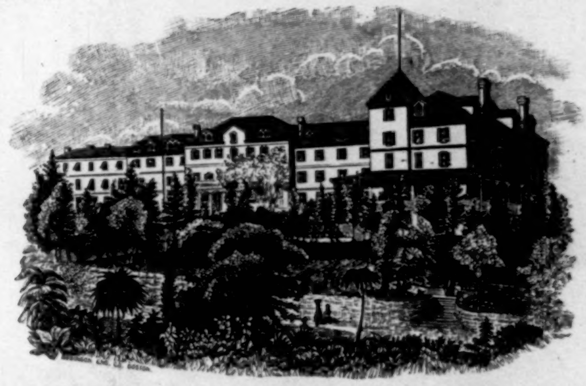
FREE

For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this **Special Offer:** Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture **FREE** as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

BERMUDA.

Land of the Lily and the Rose.

The peculiar situation of these islands, so far north as to escape the discomforts of the tropics, yet so thoroughly sheltered by the Gulf Stream that frost is unknown, makes them one of the most healthy and delightful winter resorts in the world. The islands are entirely free from malaria, and the coral formation acts as a complete safeguard against the accumulation of anything of an impure or offensive nature on the surface. Average temperature for the winter, 65 to 75 deg. Over 100 miles of excellent roads. Telegraphic communication with all parts of the world.



HAMILTON HOTEL.

Open from December until May.

The house is the largest and most elegant building in the city of Hamilton. Contains the only passenger elevator in Bermuda. Situated on the highest ground in the city, insuring dryness and perfect drainage, as well as unsurpassed views of the town, harbor, and the adjacent islands. Circulars giving full information regarding the house or islands will be gladly furnished by

WALTER AIKEN, Proprietor, Hamilton, Bermuda.

MANUFACTURER
L. LEGRAND
11, Place de la Madeleine, 11
PARIS

General Agents for U.S.
PARK & TILFORD
917/919, Broadway
NEW-YORK

SOLD BY ALL
DRUGGISTS
PERFUMERS
AND
FANCY
GOOD
STORES
of
U. S.

ORIZA-PERFUMES

IN LIQUID AND SOLIDIFIED FORM

LATEST NOVELTY
Violettes du Czar
FASHIONABLE PARIS PERFUME
for the
HANDKERCHIEF

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS!

CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA JANUARY 13th, FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 20th, and MEXICO FEBRUARY 10th, 1892.

FORMING TRIPS OF VARIABLE DURATION.
Most Superbly Appointed TOURS ever offered.

EXCURSION TICKETS with Return Limits adjustable to the wishes of tourists, including ALL TRAVELLING EXPENSES, will be sold at the most liberal rates.

For Itineraries, Reservations of Space, and all information, apply to Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

Chas. E. Pugh, General Manager.
J. R. Wood, General Passenger Agent.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Venetian Life.

By William Dean Howells. *Holiday Edition.* With colored illustrations (aqua-tints) from original designs by Childe Hassam, F. Hopkinson Smith, Rhoda Holmes-Nicholls, and Ross Turner. 2 vols., 12mo, bound in the Venetian colors, $5.00.

Snow Bound.

By John G. Whittier. *New Holiday Edition.* With a portrait of Mr. Whittier, and eight photogravure illustrations. Daintily bound in white and blue, $1.50.

The One-Hoss Shay,

With its Companion Poems, How the Old Horse Won the Bet, and The Broomstick Train. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. A Holiday Book, with sixty illustrations by Howard Pyle. 8vo, full leather binding, $1.50.

Abraham Lincoln.

By Carl Schurz. With a fine new portrait of Lincoln. $1.00.

This is so remarkably good and just an account of Lincoln, and is so very interesting, that it ought to be a household book throughout the country.

A New England Girlhood.

A very interesting story of her girlhood by Lucy Larcom. *Holiday Edition.* $1.25.

Ciphers.

A Novel. By Ellen Olney Kirk, author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Walford," etc. $1.25.

A story of New York, full of interest, as all of Mr. Kirk's stories are.

⁂ *For sale by all booksellers. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by the publishers,*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

IN THE SELECTION OF
A CHOICE GIFT
or of an addition to one's library, elegance and usefulness will be found combined in

A New Book from Cover to Cover.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Revision cost over $300,000.

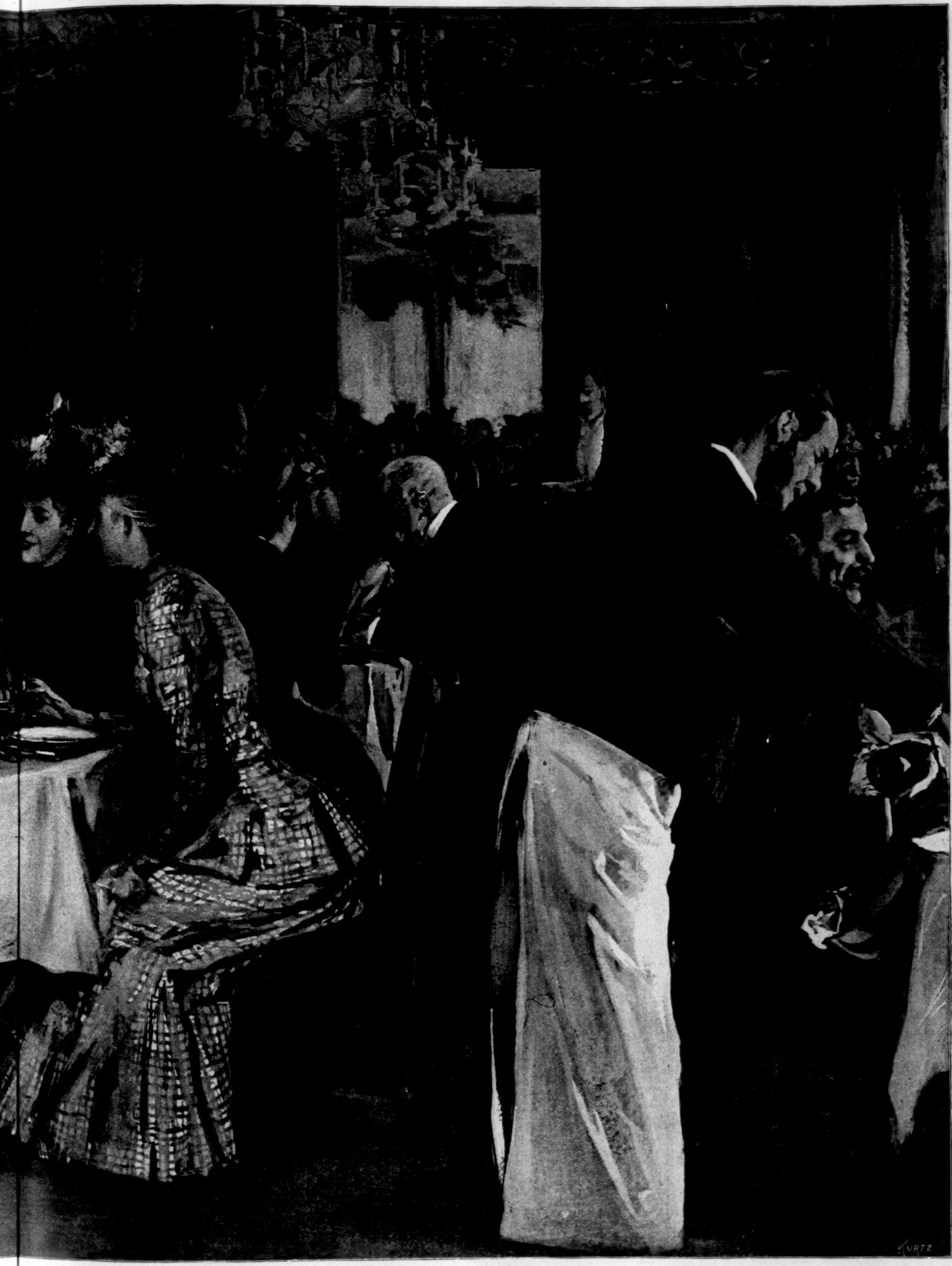
SUCCESSOR OF THE UNABRIDGED.

Ten years revising. 100 editors employed. Critical examination invited. **Get the Best.** Sold by all Booksellers. Pamphlet free.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Springfield, Mass.

SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

A LUNCHEON AT DELMON



COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

ONICO'S.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.